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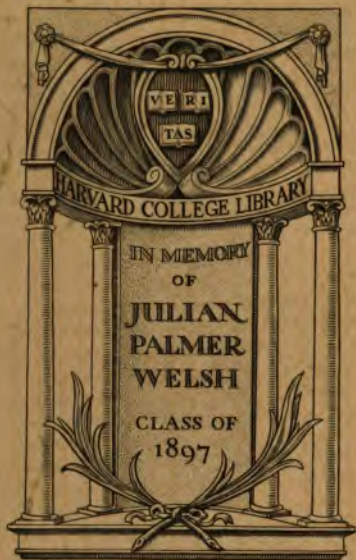
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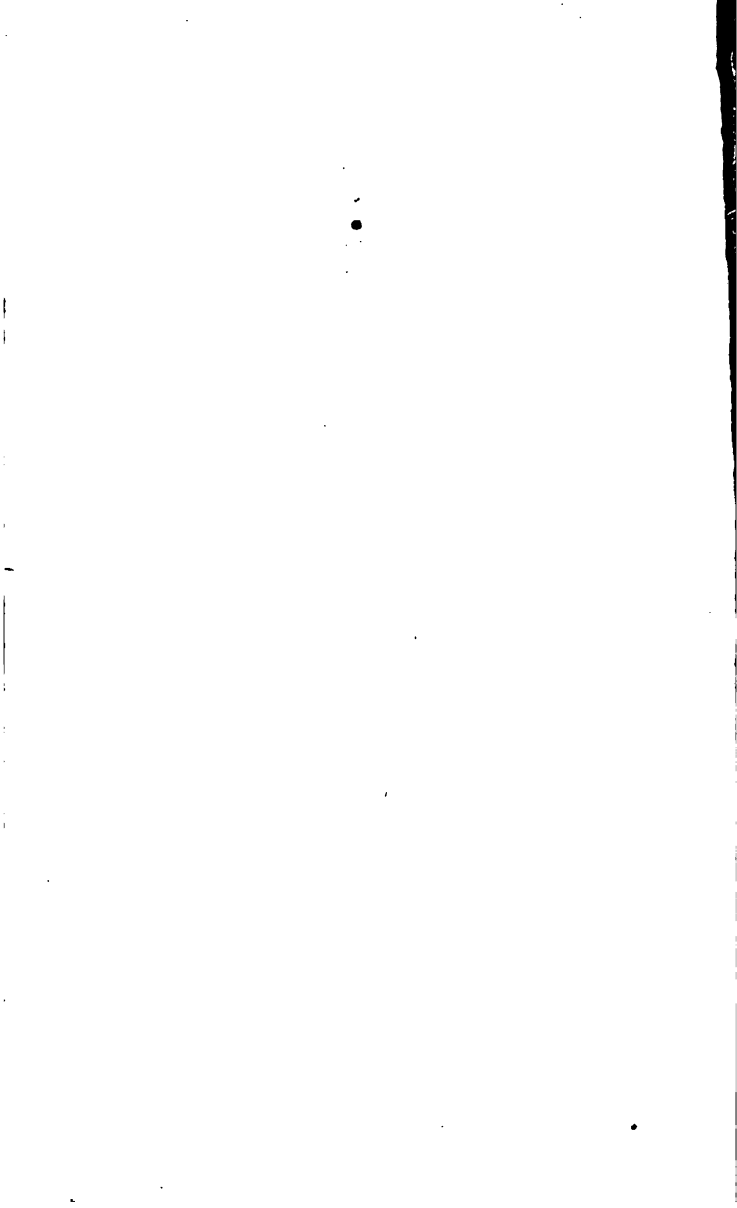


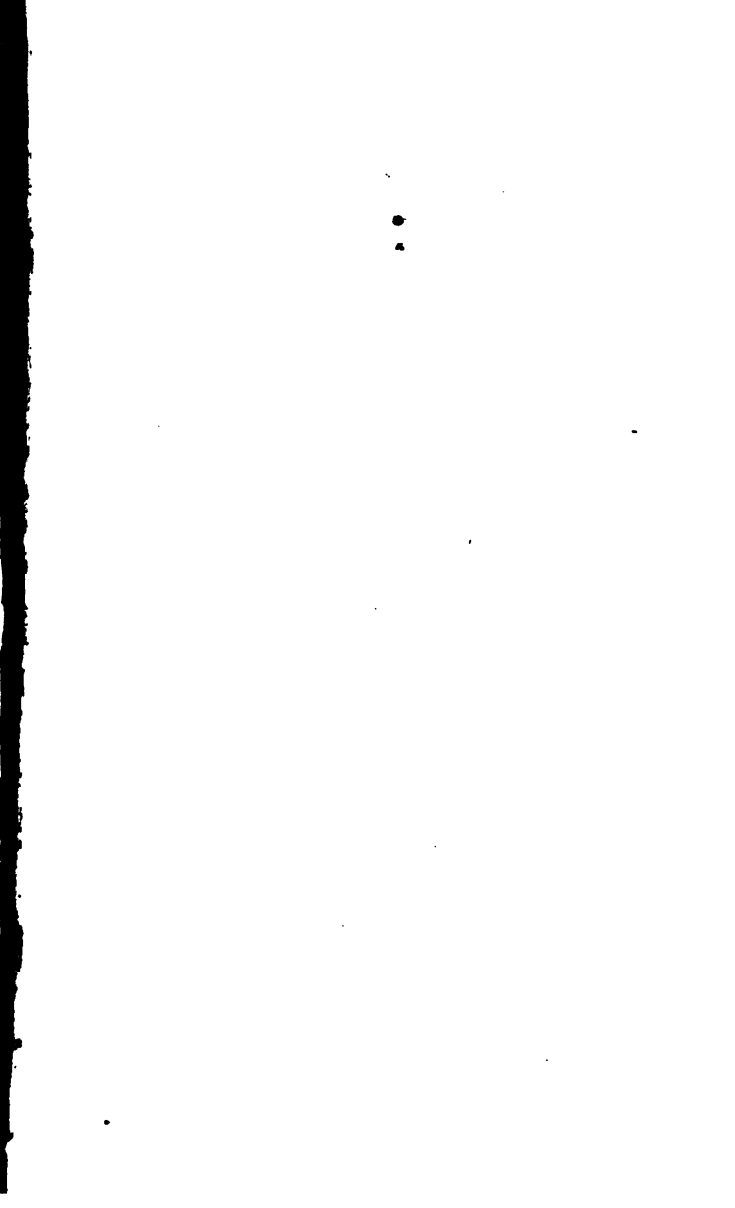
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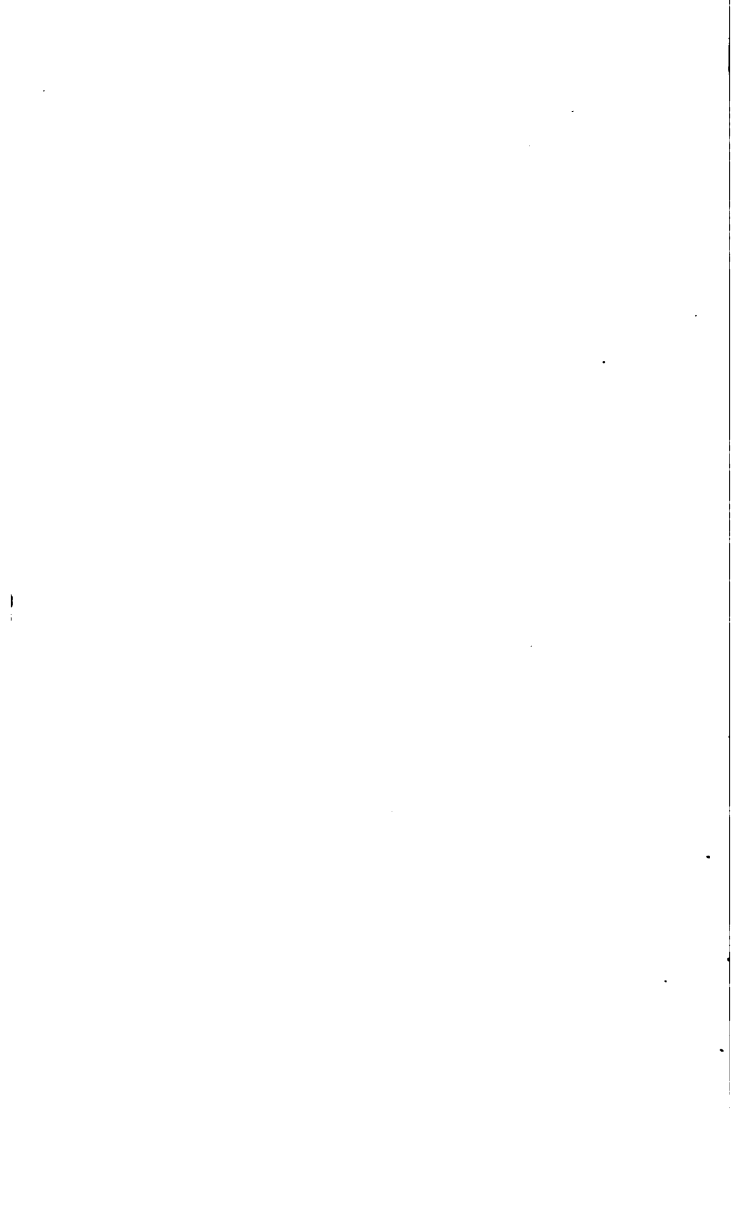
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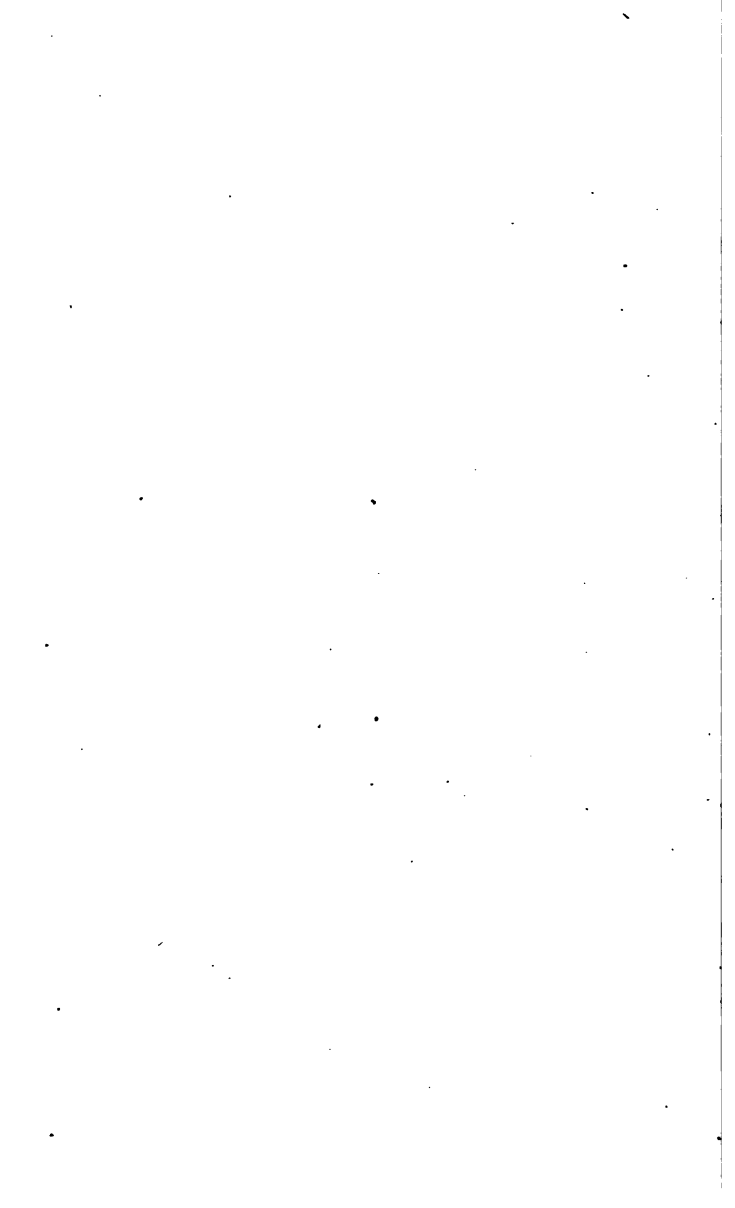
L A U R A :
OR
SONNETS
AND
ELEGIAC QUATUORZAINS.

“ Colui cui piacque tanto un verde Lauro.”

LAZZAR.



VOL. II.



LAURA:
OR
AN ANTHOLOGY OF SONNETS,
(ON THE PETRARCAN MODEL)

AND
ELEGIAC QUATUORZAINS:

*English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese,
French, and German;
Original and translated;
Great part never before publisht.*

WITH
A PREFACE,
Critical and Biographic;
NOTES, AND INDEX.

IN FIVE VOLUMES:

VOL. II.

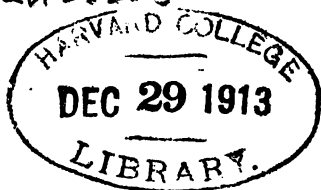
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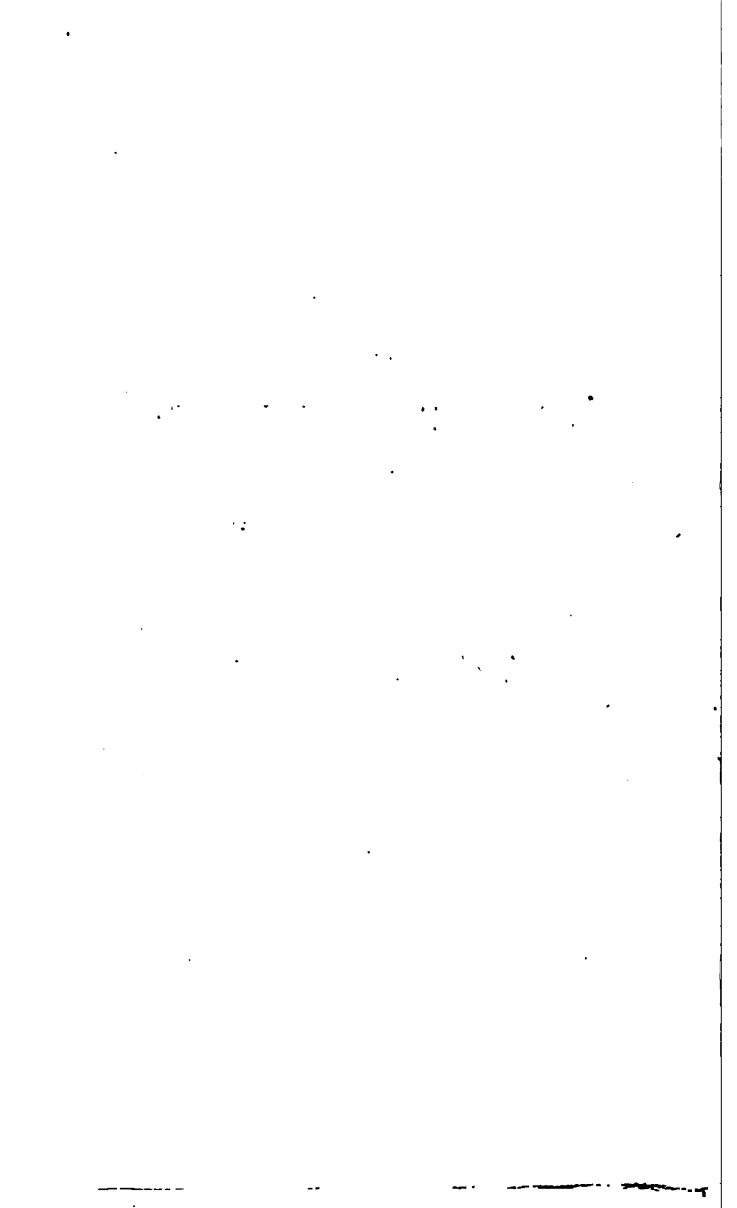
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Welsh fund

LAURA:
OR
SELECT SONNETS;
AND
QUATUORZAINS.

"Fraid'd be the Poet who the Sonnet's Name
" Shall venerate."



SONNETS
AND
QUATUORZAINS.

ON
THE PECULIAR CHARACTER
OF
THE SONNET.

*" PRAIS'D be the Poet who the Sonnet's claim,
Severest of the Orders that belong
Distinct and separate to Delphic Song;
Shall venerate : nor its appropriate name
Lawless assume. Peculiar is its Frame ;
From HIM deriv'd, who shunn'd the city throng,
And warbled sweet thy rocks and streams among,
Lonely Valchusa !—And, that Heir of Fane,*

2.

*Our greater MILTON, hath, by many a lay,
Form'd on that arduous Model, fully shown
That English verse may happily display
Those strict energetic measures which alone
Deserve the name of SONNET, and convey
A grandeur, grace, and spirit, all their own."*

SEWARD. (LXIV.)

SONNET.

II.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-
YARD OVER THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG
WOMAN OF NINETEEN.

"O THOU, who sleep'st where hazle bands entwine
The vernal grass, with paler violets drest!
I would, sweet Maid, thy humble bed were mine;
And mine thy calm and enviable rest!
For never more, by human ills opprest,
Shall thy soft Spirit fruitlessly repine:
Thou canst not now thy fondest hopes resign;
E'en in the hour that should have made thee blest.
Light lies the turf upon thy virgin breast!
And lingering here, to Love and Sorrow true,
The Youth, who once thy simple heart possest,
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew.
While still for him shall faithful Memory save
Thy Form and Virtues from the silent grave."

NOVEL OF CELESTINA. CHARLOTTE SMYTH. (XLIX.)

SONNET.

III.

TO HER FRIEND.

MAY: MDCCC.

AND wilt Thou leave me, ANNA, and go hence?
Must we, when dearest to each other, part?
When most thy Friend feels that she wants defence
Against the anguish of a wounded Heart?

2.

Remember, ANNA, if she brought relief
When sharp Affliction occupied thy breast;
How with some moments of suspended Grief
She strove to lengthen out thy short-liv'd rest.
To share thy sorrows,—her own heart oppress,—
Or cheer thee with the converse You approv'd;
Or with those Authors, priz'd among the best,
Whose sympathetic strain she knew was lov'd.
How in progressive Friendship has she grown,
Till thy unhappiness became her own.

S. W. F.

SONNET.

IV.

APPREHENSION.

LIKE that frail Plant whose trembling Fibres tell
Approaching pressure, and whose folded leaves
Or threaten'd or inflicted harm bereaves
Of its quick vital force as by a Spell,
My Mind to anticipate but knows too well:
In future days still future ills conceives:
And dark conjectures and such fears believes
As against all its faculties rebel.

2.

Thus Apprehension o'er my views presides:
Thwarting the blandishments fond Hope bestows,
Untuning every prelude to repose;
And all the anguish of suspense derides:
Whispering, that every Hope and every Pain,
All which Life threats or promises, is vain.

S. W. F.

1801.

SONETTO.

V.

SONETTO*

RITROVATO

NEL SEPOLCRO DI MADONNA LAURA:

IN AVIGNONE: MDXXXIII.

*QUI reposan quei caste & felice Ossa
Di quell' Alma gentile e sola in terra.
Aspro e dur Sasso, hor ben teco hai sotterra
El vero Honor & Fama & Beltà scossa!
Morte ha del verde LAURO svelta e mossa
Fresca radice; e'l premio di mia guerra
Di quatro lustri e più, s'ancor non erra
Mio pensier tristo; e'l chiude en poca fossa.*

2.

*Felice Pianta in borgo d' Avignone
Nacque et mori: & quì con ella giace
La penna, e' l stil, l' inchiostro, e la Ragione.
O delicate Membri, o Viva Face,
Ch' ancor me cuoggi et struggi!' in ginocchione
Ciascun preghi, " il Signor t' accetti in Pace!"*

* From the elegant Edition at Lyons by Rouille. 1558.

SONETTO.

VI.

DI PETRARCA.

(CCLXXI.)

QUEL Rossigniuol che si sòave piagne
Forse suoi Figli ò sua cara Consorte,
Di dolcezza empie il Cielo e le Campagne
Con tante Note sì pietose e scorte;
E tutta Notte par che m'accompagne
E mi rammente la mia dura Sorte
Ch' altri che me non ho di cui mi lagne
Che 'n Dee non credev' io regnasse Morte.

2.

O che lieve è ingannar chi s'assecura!
Que duo bei lume, assai piu che'l Sol chiari,
Chi pensò mai veder far terra oscura?
Or conosc' io che mia fera ventura
Vuol che vivendo e lagrimando impari
Come nulla qua giù diletta e dura.

SONNET:

VII.

TRANSLATION.

SWEETLY as the lone *Nightingale* laments
His offspring, haply, or his *Mate* most dear,
And as the wonted umbrage he frequents,
With sweetness Vale and Skies are fill'd :—the ear
Lingers on the lov'd Notes ! me it presents
That he through Night accompanies my tear.
While my heart nought but its fond dreams repents,
Thinking on object so divine Death's spear

2.

Could never fall.—How easy to deceive
The Trust of Love and Hope !—Those star-like eyes
Veil'd in the Dust to see could I believe ?
But now I feel that I am doom'd to grieve ;
And to perpetual Tears :—and mid my sighs
Reflect, what most delights Fate for least time will
leave.

26 Jul. 1803. C. L.

SONETTO.

VIII.

DI PETRARCA.

(CCLXXII.)

*NE per sereno Ciel' ir vaghe Stelle ;
Ne per tranquillo Mur Legni spalmati ;
Ne per campagne Cavalieri armati ;
Ne per bei Boschi allegre Fere e snelle ;
Ne d'aspettato Ben fresche novelle ;
Ne dir d'Amore in stili ult' ornati ;
Ne tra chiare fontane e verdi prati
Dolce cantare honeste Donne e belle ;*

2.

*Ne altro sara mai che al cor m'aggiunge :
Si seco il seppe quella sepolire
Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume e specchio.
Noia m'e'l viver sì gravosa e lunga
Ch' i chiamo 'l fine, per lo gran desire
Di reveder cui non veder fu'l meglio.*

SONNET.

IX.

TRANSLATION.

NOR splendid Stars journeying in Heaven serene;
Nor goodliest Ships on tranquil Sea display'd;
Nor armed Knights on ample Plain array'd;
Nor sportive Colts, nor Deer in Forests seen;
Nor sudden Tidings of wisht Good; nor Green
Of loveliest Mead; nor Fountains, nor the Shade
With Song most sweet of chaste and beauteous
Maid;
Nor Poesy, the Heart's enchanting Queen;

2.

Nor aught henceforth this bosom may delight:
While it must think on Her to earth consign'd,
Her the sole Mirror to my constant View
In which I saw whatever charm'd my Sight.
Tedious and heavy now is Life:—my Mind
Longs her again to see whom erst beheld I rue,

26 Jul. 1803. C. L.

SONETTO.

X.

DI PETRARCA.

(CLV.)

*GIUNTO Alessandro alla famosa Tomba
Del fiero Achille sospirando disse
O fortunato, che si chiara Tromba
Trovasti, & chi di te si alto scrisse !
Ma questa pura e candida Colomba,
A cui non so si 'l Mondo mai par visse,
Nel mio stil fral assai poco rimbomba.
Così son le sue sorti à ciascun fisse.*

2.

*Che d' Omero dignissima e d' Orfeo,
O del Pastor che ancor Mantova onora,
Che andassen sempre lei sola cantando,
Stella difforme e Fato sol què reo
Commise à tal che'l suo bel Nome adora,
Ma forse scema sue lode parlando.*

XI.

TRANSLATION.

THE Son of Philip, when he saw the Tomb
 Of fierce Achilles, with a sigh thus said ;
 ‘ O happy, whose Atchievements erst found room
 From that illustrious Trumpet to be spred
 O’er Earth for ever !’—But, beyond the gloom
 Of deep Oblivion shall that loveliest * Maid
 Whose like to view seems not of earthly doom
 By my imperfect Accents be convey’d ?

2.

HER of the Homeric, the Orfëan Lyre,
 Most worthy, or that Shepherd, Mantua’s Pride,
 To be the Theme of their immortal Lays,
 Her Stars and unpropitious Fate denied
 This Palm :—and me bade to such height aspire,
 Who, haply, dim her glories by my Praise.

6 Aug. 1803. C. L.

* Inamorossi d’una bellissima e gentilissima fanciulla nominata *Lauretta* (mai di lui poi per miglior suono del nome LAURA sempre chiamata) l’anno MCCCXXVII, che venne ad essere il ventitresimo della sua età a’ dì sei del mese d’Aprile. Mori LAURA il dì sei d’Aprile MCCCXLVIII. Nacque MCCCXIV. Tutti convennero che ella non avesse mai Marito. *Descrizione della vita di M. Francesco Petrarca & dell’ origine di Madonna Laura.* Petrarca. 1558.

SONNET.

XII.

WRITTEN DURING A STORM.

SEPT. MDCCXCI.

"WHAT awful pageants crowd the evening sky!
The low horizon gathering vapours shroud.
Sudden, from many a deep embattled cloud,
Terrific thunders burst and lightnings fly!
While in serenest azure beaming high,
Night's Regent—of her calm pavilion proud,—
Gilds the dark shadows that beneath her lie;
Unvext by all their conflicts fierce and loud.

2.

So, in unsullied dignity elate,
A Spirit conscious of superior worth,
In placid elevation firmly great,
Scorns the vain cares that give contention birth;
And blest with peace above the shocks of Fate,
Smiles at the tumult of the troubled Earth."

CHARLOTTE SMITH. (LIX.)

SONNET.

XIII.

TO THE MUSE.

"WILT Thou forsake me, who, in Life's bright May
Lent warmer lustre to the radiant morn;
And even o'er summer scenes by tempests torn,
Shed, with illusive light, the dewy ray
Of pensive pleasure?—Wilt thou, while the day
Of saddening autumn closes, as I mourn
In languid hopeless sorrow, far away
Bend thy soft step, and never more return?

2.

Crusht to the earth, by bitterest anguish prest,
From my faint eyes thy graceful Form recedes;
Thou canst not heal a Heart like mine that bleeds.
But when in quiet earth that heart shall rest;
Haply mayst thou one sorrowing vigil keep,
Where Pity and Remembrance bend and weep."

CHARLOTTE SMITH. (LXXXIV.)

SONNET.

XIV.

TO A YOUNG LADY;

PURPOSING TO MARRY A MAN OF IMMORAL CHARACTER, IN THE HOPE OF HIS REFORMATION.

"TIME and thy Charms, thou fanciest, will redeem
Yon aweless Libertine from rooted Vice.

Misleading thought! has he not paid the price;
His taste for Virtue?—Ah, the sensual stream

Has flow'd too long! What Charms can so entice,
What frequent Guilt so pall, as not to shame

The rash belief, presumptuous and unwise,
That crimes habitual will forsake the frame?

2.

Thus, on the river's bank, in fabled lore,
The rustic stands*!—sees the stream swiftly go;
And thinks he soon shall find the gulph below

A channel dry, which he may safe pass o'er.
Vain hope!—it flows—and flows—and yet will flow,
Volume decreaseless, to the FINAL HOUR!"

SEWARD. (LXIX.)

* Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

SONNET.

XV.

INABILITY TO BEAR RETIREMENT A BAD
SYMPTOM.

" ALL is not right with him, who ill sustains
Retirement's silent hours.—Himself he flies,
Perhaps, from that insipid equipoise
Which always with the hapless Mind remains
That feels no native bias, never gains
One energy of Will that does not rise
From some external cause, to which he hies
From his own blank inanity.—When reigns
With a strong cultur'd Mind, this wretched hate
To commune with himself— from thought that tells
Of some lost joy, or dreaded stroke of fate,
He struggles to escape :—or sense that dwells
On secret Guilt toward * God or Man, with weight
Thrice dire the self-exiling flight impells."

SEWARD. (XCIV.)

* I have ventur'd to drop the s.

SONNET.

XVI.

THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION OVER THE
MISERIES OF LIFE.

“ WHEN Life’s realities the Soul perceives
Vain, dull, perchance corrosive; if she glows
With rising energy, and open throws
The golden gate of Genius, she achieves
His fairy clime delighted; and receives,
In those gay paths deckt with the thornless Rose,
Blest compensation.—Lo, with alter’d brows
Lours the false world, and the fine Spirit grieves.
No more young Hope tints with her light and bloom
The darkening scene!—Then, to ourselves we say,
Come, bright IMAGINATION, come, relume
Thy orient lamp; with recompensing ray
Shine on the mind, and pierce its gathering gloom
With all the fires of intellectual day.”

SEWARD. (I.)

SONNET.

XVII.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON, IN A RAINY SEASON.

“FROM these wild heights, where oft the mists descend
In rains that shroud the sun and chill the gale,
Each transient gleaming interval we hail,
And rove the naked vallies, and extend
Our gaze around where yon vast mountains blend
With billowy clouds that o'er their summits sail,
Pondering how little Nature's charms befriend
The barren scene, monotonous and pale.
Yet solemn when the darkening shadows fleet
Successive o'er the wide and silent hills,
Gilded by wat'ry sun-beams :—then we meet
Peculiar pomp of vision. Fancy thrills ;
And owns there is no scene so rude and bare
But Nature sheds or grace or grandeur there.”

SEWARD. (III.)

SONNET.

XVIII.

TO HONORA SNEYD*,

WHOSE HEALTH WAS ALWAYS BEST IN WINTER.

“AND now the youthful, gay, capricious SPRING,
Piercing her showery clouds with crystal light,
And with their hues reflected streaking bright
Her radiant bow, bids all her warblers sing:
The Lark, shrill carolling on soaring wing,
The lonely Thrush, in brake with blossoms white,
That tunes his pipe so loud: while from the sight
Coy bending their dropt heads, young cowslips fling
Rich perfume o’er the fields. It is the prime
Of Hours that Beauty robes:—yet all they gild,
Chear and delight, in this their fragrant time,
For thy dear sake to me less pleasure yield
Than veil’d in sleet and rain, and hoary rime
Dun WINTER’s naked hedge, and plashy field.”

SEWARD. (IV.)

* Afterwards Mrs. Edgeworth.

SONNET.

XIX.

EARLY FONDNESS FOR THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE
HOW FORM'D.

" BY Derwent's rapid stream as oft I stray'd
With Infancy's light step and glances wild,
And saw vast rocks on steepy mountains pil'd,
Frown o'er the umbrageous glen ; or pleas'd survey'd
The cloudy moon-shine in the shadowy glade,
Romantic nature to the enthusiast Child
Grew dearer far, than when serene she smil'd
In uncontrasted loveliness array'd.
But O, in every scene with sacred sway
Her Graces fire me : from the bloom that spreads
Resplendent in the lucid morn of May,
To the green light the little Glow-worm sheds
On mossy banks, when mid-night glooms prevail
And softest silence broods o'er all the dale."

SEWARD. (VII.)

SONNET.

XX.

WRITTEN ON RISING GROUND NEAR LICHFIELD.

“THE Evening shines in May’s luxuriant pride :
And all the sunny hills at distance glow,
And all the brooks that through the valley flow
Seem liquid gold. O, had my Fate denied
Leisure, and power to taste the sweets that glide
Through waken’d Minds as the soft seasons go
On their still varying progress, for the woe
My Heart has felt what balm had been supplied ?
But where great NATURE smiles, as here she smiles,
’Mid vernal lakes, and gently swelling hills,
And glassy lakes, and mazy murmuring rills,
And narrow wood-wild lanes,—her spell beguiles
The impatient sighs of Grief ; and reconciles
Poetic Minds to Life with all her ills.”

SEWARD. (XV.)

SONNET.

XXI.

PETRARCH TO VAUCLUSE.

“ FORTUNATE VALE! exulting hill, dear plain,
Where morn and eve my Soul's fair Idol stray'd,
While all your winds that murmur'd through the glade
Stole her sweet breath;—yet, yet, your paths retain
Prints of her step by fount, whose floods remain
In depth unfathom'd, 'mid the rocks that shade,
With cavern'd arch, their sleep.—Ye streams, that
play'd
Around her limbs in summer's ardent reign,
The soft resplendence of those azure eyes
Ting'd ye with living light.—The envied claim
These blest distinctions give, my Lyre, my sighs,
My Songs record, and from their Poet's flame
Bid thy wild vale, its rocks and streams arise,
Associates still of their bright Mistress' fame:

SEWARD. (XXV.)

SONNET.

XXII.

ON THE FUNERAL OF AN AMIABLE YOUNG
PERSON.

" DARK as the silent stream, beneath the night
Thy funeral glides to Life's eternal Home—
Child of its narrow House—how late the bloom,
The facile smile, the soft eye's crystal light
Each Grace of Youth's gay morn that charms our sight
Play'd o'er that Form!—now sunk in earth's cold
gloom

Insensate! ghastly! for the yawning Tomb,
Alas! fit inmate. Thus we mourn the blight,
Of virgin Beauty, and Endowments rare,
In their gay hours of promise. O, when Age
Drops, like the o'er-blown, faded Rose, though dear
Its long-known worth, no stormy sorrows rage;
But swell, when we behold, unsoil'd by time,
Youth's broken Lily perisht in its prime."

SEWARD. (XLVI.)

SONNET.

XXIII.

AFFECTION UNWILLING TO DETECT INSINCERITY
IN THOSE BELOV'D.

" IN every breast Affection sways, there dwells
A secret consciousness to what degree
They are themselves belov'd. We hourly see
The'* involuntary proof that either quells,
Or ought to quell, false hope, or sets us free
From pain'd distrust. But, O the misery,
Weak Self-Delusion timidly repells
The lights obtrusive—shrinks from all that tells

2.

Unwelcome truths, and vainly seeks repose
For startled fondness in the opiate balm
Of kind profession, though, perchance, it flows
To hush complaint. O, in belief's clear calm,
Or mid the lurid clouds of doubt, we find
LOVE rise the sun, or comet of the mind."

SEWARD. (L.)

* The e having no elision, I have restor'd it with the
sign of diminisht time.

SONNET.

XXIV.

WRITTEN THE NIGHT PRECEDING THE FUNERAL
OF MRS. CHARLES BUCKERIDGE.

"IN the chill silence of the winter eve
Through LICHFIELD's darken'd streets I bend my way
By that sad mansion where NERINA's clay
Awaits the MORNING KNELL! And aw'd perceive,
In the late bridal chamber, the clear ray
Of numerous lights; while o'er the ceiling stray
Shadows of those who frequent pass beneath *
Round the PALE DEAD. What sounds my senses grieve !

2.

For now the busy hammer's stroke apalls,
That, in "dread note of preparation," falls,
Closing the sable lid!—With sighs I bear
Those solemn warnings from the House of Woes;
Pondering how late, for young NERINA, there,
Joyous, the love-illumin'd Morn arose."

SEWARD. (LVII.)

* In this admirable sonnet this line has no correspondent Verse.—C. L.

XXV.

ON A LOCK OF MISS SARAH SEWARD'S HAIR, WHO
DIED IN HER TWENTIETH YEAR.

"MY angel Sister, though thy lovely Form *
Perish'd in Youth's gay morning, *yet* is mine
This precious ringlet! Still the soft hairs shine,
Still glow the nut-brown tints, all bright and warm
With sunny gleam!—Alas, each kindred charm
Vanish'd long since, deep in the silent shrine,
Wither'd to shapeless dust! and of their Grace
Memory alone retains the faithful trace.

2.

Dear Lock, had thy sweet Owner liv'd, ere now
Time on her brow had faded thee. My care
Screen'd from the sun and dew thy golden glow:
And thus her early Beauty dost thou wear,
Thou all of that fair frame my Love could save
From the resistless ravage of the Grave."

SEWARD. (LXXXI.)

* The rhimes here proceed by TRIPLETS: which prevents its being a strict sonnet.—C. L.

SONNET.

XXVI.

POWER OF A SEA-PROSPECT TO EXCITE SUBLIME
PLEASURE.

" ON the damp margin of the sea-beat shore
Lonely at eve to wander; or reclin'd
Beneath a rock, what time the rising wind
Mourns o'er the waters, and with solemn roar
Vast billows into caverns surging pour,
And back recede alternate, while combin'd
Loud shriek the sea-fowls, harbingers assign'd,
Clamorous and fearful, of the stormy hour;

2.

To listen with deep thought those awful sounds,
Gaze on the boiling, the tumultuous waste,
Or promontory rude, or craggy mounds
Staying the furious main, Delight has cast
O'er my rapt Spirit and my thrilling Heart,
Dear as the softer joys green vales impart."

SEWARD. (XCV.)

XXVII.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FAVORITE TERRIER:
WHO STRAYED TO TROSTON
X MAR: MDCCXCVI.

FOX! to whose lot hath fain a favorite Name*,
A Name to social Worth and Freedom dear,
Shall not this day's return some memory claim
Which thee, with all thy woes and cares, left here?
Much hadst thou suffer'd in thy youthful prime;
And man had been thy foe worse than to others time.

2.

Thy cares, thy fears, are gone !..... and never more
May they return upon thy gentle head :
Nor food and shelter thy faint eye implore
Doubtful; nor chill thy trembling limbs be spread
In agony and dread from hopeless flight
As when thy quivering life here caught the pitying sight

3.

Of Her who still protects thee !..... Taxes come
Unkind to thee and thy deserving Race!
Of Dogs or Men Pitt little heeds the doom.
But thee nor tax nor aught more dire displace.
E'en should Invasion come, safe be thou still !
And none do ill to thee who dost to nothing ill.
10 Mar. 1797. C. L.

* Fox has deserv'd and continues to deserve so well that I could not prevail on myself to omit this though not perfectly a sonnet.—17th Sept. 1805. C. L.

SONNET.

XXVIII.

TO MRS. LOFFT.

ON A SONNET COMPOS'D BY HER ON THE DAY
OF PETRARCH'S BIRTH

XXIV JUL.

LOV'D SONGSTRESS ! who on PETRARCH's parting Day
Dear to the MUSE of the soft plaintive LYRE
Hast breathed such strains as might his Dust inspire
With sense,—although his LAURA sleeps in clay,—
That *still* survives the pure celestial Ray
Which in his breast waken'd the sacred Fire
Of tender, elegant, and high Desire
And bade his numbers wing to Heaven their Way.

2.

Dear be THAT DAY to us !—Oft as the Hours
Bring its return,—if Heaven so will,—to me,
May it remind me what to Heaven I owe
For thy mild sweetness, thy poetic Powers ;
For every source of purest Bliss in Thee :
And never o'er this thought may chill Oblivion
flow !

24 Jul. 1803. C. L.

Nacque PETRARCA à di XX di Luglio; MCCCIV.
Passò poi a più felice Vita à di XVIII di Luglio:
MCCCLXXIV.

SONNET.

XXIX.

SWEET ECHO.

LYRIC.

SWEET *Eccho*, sweetest Nymph, that livst unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow *Meander's* margent green
And in the Violet-embroider'd Vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well

2.

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy *Narcissus* are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowery Cave
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parley Daughter of the Sphear
So maist thou be translated to the Skies
And give resounding Grace to all Heaven's Harmonies.

MILTON.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE SONNET TO A YOUNG
FEMALE MANIAC.

LADY, Thou weepest for the *Maniac's* Woe
And Thou art fair, and Thou, like me, art young;
O may thy bosom never never know
The Pangs with which this wretched Heart is wrung!

2.

I had a Mother once, a Brother too:
(Beneath yon Yew my Father rests his head)
I had a Lover once; and kind and true:
But Mother, Brother, Lover, all are fled.

3.

Yet whence the tear which dims thy lovely eye
O gentle Lady!—not for me they weep:
The green sod soon upon my breast will lie;
And soft and sound will be my peaceful sleep.
Go Thou; and pluck the Roses while they bloom—
My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

SONNET.

XXXI.

TO
TO MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH:

WITH SELECT SONNETS
OF MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH, AND MISS SEWARD.

TO THEE, whom late twas my blest lot to hear,
And whom e'en yet I hope to hear once more,
Than whom with juster cadence none can pour
The MUSE's Voice on the enraptured ear,
These chosen Lays, to Harmony most dear,
I send: which e'en *Italia's* syren shore
Might echo with delight;—lays, born to soar
In tuneful flight to the celestial Sphere.

2.

Mute is with me the LYRE—yet, still to *Thee*
And to these strains, her fond Vibrations wake;
And my chill'd spirits, from their torpor free,
Of this diviner power awhile partake:
Still to the *ray* of *Poetry* they move,
And *answer* to that tone which guides the WORLDS
ABOVE.

Aug. 1799. L.

SONNET.

XXXII.

THAT THE TRUE STRUCTURE OF THE SONNET
SHOULD BE OBSERV'D BY AUTHORS OF GENIUS
WHO THUS ENTITLE THEIR POEMS.

YE, whose aspirings court the MUSE of Lays
 " Severest of those orders which belong
 Distinct and separate to Delphic song"
Why shun the SONNET's undulating Maze?
Or why its Name, boast of *Petrarcan* Days,
 Assume, its Rules disown'd?—whom from the throng
The MUSE selects, their ear the charm obeys
 Of it's full Harmony:—they fear to wrong

2.

The SONNET by adorning with a name
 Of that distinguisht import, Lays, though sweet,
 Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
Of that so varied and peculiar Frame.
O think, to vindicate it's genuine Praise
Those it becomes whose LYRE a favoring impulse sways.

C. L.

SONNET.

XXXIII.

TO

MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH:

WITH A SKETCH OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM
ACCORDING TO THE LATEST DISCOVERIES.

TO Thee, whom as *Minerva** I revere,
To whom my cares and happier thoughts all tend,
This sketch of every planetary sphere
Known to obey our central Sun, I send.
In these, the most eccentric orbs have ear
To Harmony divine! the wild career
Of Comets thus revolves: prompt to descend
To that great Source which rules their mighty Year.
O might my Griefs and my charm'd Passions hear
Like Influence divine!—thus should I know,
Like Thee, to teach my moments how to flow
Useful and calm; unrackt by Doubt or Fear:
And thus ascend above all earthly Woe;
That Order, Heaven's bright Grace, anticipating here.

29 Aug. 1801. C. L.

* PIAZZI, Professor of Astronomy at *Palermo*, had discovered, 1st Jan. 1801, a new Planet: to which it is hoped the Name of *Minerva*† will be given; in conformity to the other mythologic designations, and in honor of Science and of the Arts of Peace.

† This Name was given to a Planet or planet-like Body, discovered by Dr. *Obers* 28 Mar. 1802. The other is call'd *Ceres Ferdinandus* by the Discoverer; but PIAZZI by De LA LANDE. C. L.

SONETTO.

XXXIV.

MILTON. (S. IV.)

*DIODATI, e te 'l diro con meraviglia :
Quel ritroso io ch 'Amor spreggiar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso me ridea
Gia caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s' impiglia.
Ne treccia d' oro, ne guanciau vermiglia,
M' abbaglian si:—ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea :
Portamenti alti, honesti ; e nelle ciglia*

2.

*Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero ;
Parole adorni di lingua più d' una ;
E 'l cantar, che di mezzo l' hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna.
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco *
Che l' incerar gl' orecchi me sia poco.*

* These 2 last lines are not translated. C. L.

TRANSLATION,

INSCRIBED TO MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH.

DEODATE, I to thee with wonder tell :

I, who was vainly wont to scoff at Love,

And his weak snares exultingly reprove,

Now fall, where those must fall who most rebell.

2.

Nor golden Tresses nor Vermillion Cheeks

Me thus, but Beauty of an higher Tone,

In a new form and radiance all its own,

Subdues, and on my rapt idea breaks.

Beauty that charms the Soul :—divinely speaks

In utterance, air, and gesture :—splendor thrown

3.

From the dark lash that shades the' expressive eye:

Discourse grac'd by more languages than one:

And Voice, to draw from her meridian Sky,

Reluctant were she most, the wandering Moon.

30 Jul. 1801. C. L.

SONETTO.

XXXVI.

DI PETRARCA:

SONETTO ELEGIACO.

(CCXL.)

*MAI non fu' in parte one si ch'iar vedessi
Quel che veder vorrei poi ch' io nol vedei ;
Ne dove in tanta libertà me stessi ;
N' empiessi 'l ciel de si amorosi stridi :
Ne giamai vedea Valle haver si spessi
Luoghi da sospirar reposti e fidi :
Ne credo già ch' Amor in Cipro havessi,
O in altra riva, si soavi Nidi.*

2.

*L' acque parlan d' Amore, el' ora, e i rami,
E gli augeletti, e i pesci, e i fiori, e l' herba.
Tutti insieme pregando ch' io sempr' AMI.
Ma* tu, ben nata, che dal Ciel mi chiami
Per la memoria di tua morte acerba
Preghi, ch' io sprezzì 'l Mondo, e suoi dolc' hami.*

* These 3 last lines are not translated. C. L.

SONNET.

XXXVII.

ELEGIAC.

TRANSLATED:

AND ADDRESS'D TO MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH.

NEVER till now so clearly have I seen

Her, whom my eyes desire, my Soul still views:

Never enjoy'd a freedom thus serene;

Ne'er thus to Heaven breath'd my enamour'd Muse:

As in this Vale sequester'd, darkly green;

Where my sooth'd heart it's pensive thought pursues;

And nought intrusively may intervene;

And all my sweetly tender sighs receive.

2.

To Love and Meditation faithful Shade

Receive the breathings of my grateful breast!

Love not in Cyprus found so sweet a Nest

As this, by Pine and arching Laurel made!

The Birds, breeze, water, branches, whisper, LOVE;

Herb, flower, and verdant path the lay symphonious

move.

27 Aug. 1801. C. L.

SONNETS:

BY

MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH;

NOW MRS. LOFFT.

Παυρα μιν, αλλα μαλα λιγισ.

Few, but exceeding sweet.

Ulmus amat Vitem; Vitem non deserit Ulmus.

SONETTO.

DI PETRARCA.

(CCLXXXVIII.)

*ITE, Rime dolenti, al duro sasso
Che il mio caro Tesoro in terra asconde :
Ivi chiamate che dal Ciel risponde
Benche 'l mortal sia in loco oscuro e basso.
Dite le ch' io son gia di viver lasso,
Del navigar per queste orribil' onde :
Mai ricogliendo le sue sparte fronde
Dietro le vo pur così passo passo ;*

2.

*Sol di lei ragionando viva e morta,
Anzi pur viva ed or fatta immortale,
Acciòche 'l Mondo la conosca ed ame.
Piucciale al mio passar esser accorta ;
Che e presso omai : sian' al incontro ; e quale
Ella 'e nel Cielo, à se me tiri e chame.*

1 Aug. 1803.

SONNET.

XXXIX.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. LOFFT *.

GO, melancholy Rhimes, in pity go,
And penetrate the Marble's rigid Base
That marks with awful front the sacred place
Where sleeps my LAURA in the dust below.
Yet though on earth her Form can never know
The wonted semblance of it's winning Grace,
And though Death preys upon her beauteous Face,
Still shall her Voice from Heaven's wide concave flow.

2.

Say I am weary of Life's joyless Day;
Of journeying through this desolated Waste!
I trace her scatter'd leaves which guide my sight:
And to the silent Tomb my progress haste.
In hope, though now uncharm'd by her mild Ray,
It soon shall meet me in the Realms of Light.
18 Jul. 1803. S. W. L.

SONETTO.

XI.

ELEGIACO.

DI PETRARCA.

(CCXXXIX.)

*SE lamentar augelli d' verdi fronde
Mover soavemente a l' aura estiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S' ode d' una fiorita e fresca riva
La v' io seggio d' Amor pensoso e scriva,
Lei che il Ciel ne monstra, Terra n' asconde,
Veggio, e odo, e intendo: ch' ancor viva
Di sì lontano à i sospir' miei risponde.*

2.

*! Deh, perche innanzi tempo ti consume,—
Mi dice con pietate,—‘ à che pur versi
‘ De gli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
‘ Di me non pianger tu, che miei di fersi
‘ Morendo, eterne, e nel’ eterno lume
‘ Quando monstrai di chiuder gli occhi, apersi?’*

SONNET.

XLI.

TRANSLATION.

WHERE widow'd Birds in saddest Notes complain
Of Mates beguil'd into the treacherous snare,
Or the green leaf soft waves to summer air,
Or Rills low-murmuring wind their lucid train,
There pensive, on some flowery margin lain,
Thoughtless of all, save Love's mysterious care,
I to my view behold her Form repair,
Who, though inhum'd, is conscious of my pain.

2.

' Wherefore, O PETRARCH, yield'st thou at the aim
' Of cruel Love;'—She said, in Pity's tones;—
' Wherefore this briny current, useless groans,
' That from thy Youth withdraw the vital flame:
' O weep not: for these eyes, though lost to thy frail
sight
' Were clos'd but to awake on everlasting Light.'

14 Apr. 1802. S. W. L.

XLII.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER BROTHER CHARLES.

IV MAR: MDCCCI.

THY Memory, CHARLES, and this returniug Day
With mildest power thy Sister's breast inspire
To wake to Thee her scarcely breathing Lyre
In the deserv'd congratulating Lay.

2.

And welcome is the Power which thus invites
To hail the prelude of thy future Worth :
For every thought of Thee to praise gives birth,
And vibrates with the' affection it excites.

3.

In Nature's lap, with visionary ray,
Thee, in the *vernal* changes, I pursue :
Each Plant, each Flower, that now arrests my view
Seems emblematic of thy early Day.
And may *that* lengthen!—that not these alone
But every change progressive symbols own.

S. W. F.

* *Recurrent*: having rhimes in the last Division correspondent with the first. C.L.

SONNET.

XLIII.

ON A LITTLE RURAL PROSPECT FROM HER WINDOW:
TROSTON.

IN one small Prospect *Hope* at Rapture's side
Anticipates the Flow of happiest Hours,
And shrinks from Gloom to solace unallied
Which with one changeless hue for ever lours.
Here the neat *Cottage* with it's woodbin'd bowers
Bids us to seek for Comforts yet untried:
And daisied fields, its inoffensive Pride,
Tell us how sweet *Life's* joy-enamell'd flowers.

2.

There the dank *Church-Yard* lifts it's awful head;
And whispers to the speculative Man
That every hope and every future plan
Must rest at last on it's devouring bed.
Then let me fix a firmly equal view
On *Life's* fair rays, and on *Death's* icy dew.

6 Nov. 1802. S. W. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

XLIV.

ELEGIAC.

ON SEEING SOME POOR CHILDREN PLAYING.

PLAY on, Ye little innocents, while yet
No intervening cares your sports annoy:
By sense of wrong and suffering unbeset:
And every change still a new source of joy!

2.

Ah, could Ye know, while now each scene beguiles,
What future mis'ery Ye are doom'd to bear,
The winning animation of those smiles
Would turn to flashes of abhorr'd despair.

3.

For in the ills with which this Life is fraught
Peculiarly trying is your lot:
On whom awaits the aggravating thought
To live unheeded, and to die, forgot.
Yet in proportion to the Ill is given
Of Hope, and Trust, and Confidence in HEAVEN.

Nov. 1800. S. W. F.

QUATRAIN.

XLV.

ELEGIAC.

EPITAPHIAL.

THE weary Peasant, homeward as he goes,
While Twilight sheds a calm on all around,
His Mind opprest with multitude of woes,
Shall loiter through this consecrated Ground.
Whose Relics rest within its ample round
His beating heart the mystery shall unfold:
While his full eye dwells on yon simple mound,
Where clasping thorns the new rais'd clods uphold.

2.

There, will he say, beneath that Yew-Tree's shade,
Sleeps one, whose memory prompts the heart-felt
sigh;
Who oft the pangs of misery allay'd,
And kindly stopt the sorrow-streaming eye.
Ah, whither look for aid, since he is gone,
With whom my own, my children's hopes, are flown!
S. W. F.

SONNET.

XLVI.

MILTON. (S. VII.)

MDCXXXI.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF XXIII.

HOW soon hath Time, the subtile Thief of Youth
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth Year!
My hasting days flie on with full career;
But my late Spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth:
That I to manhood am arrivd so near
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
Than som more timely happy spirits indu'th

Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
To which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven
All is if I have grace to use it so
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

XLVII.

ELEGIAC.

ALSO EPITAPHIAL.

SHE, whose last bed beneath this turf is made
Was wont herself to pause on every stone
That markt the place of others, earlier laid;
And think, how soon their lot must be her own.

2.

Oft would she turn her languid eye to Heaven,
So sweetly sad! . . . so tranquil oft appear,
As to her Soul already had been given
Repose and Happiness for Virtue here!

3.

Could I,— and unperceiv'd,—at early morn
Through the still Church-Yard take my pensive way,
Sweet budding flowrets should thy grave adorn,
Expressive of thy mild and fleeting day.
The pious Act would meliorate my heart;
And some small portion of relief impart.

Nov. 1800. S. W. F.

ON SEEING A YOUNG FEMALE LUNATIC.

(Vide XXX.)

THOU, who wert wont, in more auspicious hours,
These smiling plains enraptur'd to survey,
And on each object mindful to pourtray
Some latent charm, some lov'd attractive powers,

2.

Now findst but blank immeasurable waste
Meet the faint lustre of thy vacant sight:
And those same scenes which once gave such delight
Are but the witness of inverted Taste!

3.

For REASON 's fled!... and with her, all that knew
In just criterion to regard THIS WHOLE,
In flight through Nature of the' enraptur'd Soul,
Or bright expanse of Fancy's ample View:
And to thy wretched lot nought now remains....
But sullen Grief, Despair, or blank Oblivion reigns.

1801. S. W. F.

TO
MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH:
ON HER SONNETS.

AH, Thou hast toucht the SHELL whose echoes roll
Beyond the waves of momentary life,
And pour undying Music on the Soul,
And in Elyzium lull the passions strife

2.

That Shell, subduer of all human care,
Whose tone is more than pleasure, more than joy;
Whose sweet, and solemn, and heaven-breathing air
Reminds the heart of its divine employ

3.

When to the Harmony of countless Spheres
The exalted Spirit shall attune its own,
And breathe those Lays which charm angelic ears!—
Whate'er beside of Bliss from Earth is flown,
The Lyre, and thy blest Voice, O Muse, reply
To that symphonious Power which fills the unbounded
Sky!

Sund. 7 Sept. 1800. C. L.

SONNET.

L.

TRANSLATION

OF THE SONNET (v) "*Qui reposan.*"

HERE rest the chaste, the dear, the blest Remains
Of Her most lovely; peerless while on Earth:
What late was Beauty, spotless Honor, Worth;
Stern Marble, here thy chill embrace retains.
The freshness of the LAUREL Death disdains;
And hath its root thus wither'd.—Such the Dearth
O'ertakes me. Here I bury ease and mirth,
And hope from twenty years of cares and pains.

2.

This happy Plant AVIGNON lonely fed
With Life, and saw it die.—And with it lies
My pen, my verse, my reason;—useless, dead.
O graceful Form!—Fire, which consuming flies
Through all my frame!—For Blessings on thy head
O may continual Prayers to Heaven rise!

6 Aug. 1803. C. L.

SONNET.

LI.

IMITATION.

(Vide XLVI.)

TO

MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH:

ON HER BIRTH-DAY;

VII NOV: MDCCC.

HOW soon hath Time, from girlish hours to Youth,
Fullfill'd, in stealthy flight, thy twentieth Year!
But Day to Day, while urging its career,
Of Thee hath told this honorable Truth:—
That what of fruits of Wisdom Age with ruth
Oft mourns still absent, hasten'd to appear
E'en with thy vernal bud. Nor will I fear
Thy Summer shall deceive what firm of sooth

2.

Hope promises of Worth full-blown.—I know
To Excellence like thine it is not given
To shame thine early produce. Still more high
Time and the animating breath of Heaven
Exalts the fruits of Mind.—It will be so:
These only grow in Life when all beside must
die!

Wedn. 5 Nov. 1800. C. I..

QUATUORZAIN.

LII.

WRITTEN IN A STORMY NIGHT AT YARMOUTH.

OCT: MDCCC.

ELEGIAC.

THAT rushing Stream, that hollow rising Blast,
Awaken in my breast thoughts sweetly sad:
And sense of every poignant Evil past
Returns, in calmest Melancholy clad.

2.

All is in sudden and deep gloom immur'd!
Scarce a faint ray softens the 'sombrous'* Night
When the dim Moon, by flying clouds obscur'd,
At distant intervals streams doubtful light.

3.

The Soul, collected, at this moment sees
Its highest powers and greatest views unfold:
Feels itself equal to whate'er decrees
Are in the hidden Depths of Fate enroll'd;
Whether the' illumin'd paths of Ease to tread,
Or brave the Night of Storms by stern Affliction spread.

Dec. 1800. S. W. F.

* Pleasures of Memory.

LIII.

BY
MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH,
TO
HER BROTHER, MR. CHARLES FINCH:
WITH PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

ELEGIAC.

THIS cluster of benignant Stars receive
Whose lengthend radiance will illume thy Mind:
Sav'd from the horizon of Oblivion's grave
To chear our gloom and humanize Mankind.

2.

The Arts, the Arms, of Greece, beam here sublime;
And firmer Glory of Rome's powerful Name:
And glow unfading through the Night of Time
The Warrior's Fire, the Patriot's purer Flame.

3.

O mark the Progress of the heaven-born Soul!
The windings of her mazy flight explore:
The chain which rules these mystic Orbs unroll!
To Truth's pure *Empyræum* learn to soar;
That thus, partaking their propitious skies,
A Light like theirs may in thyself arise.

Dec. 1800. S. W. F.

LIV.

WRITTEN ON RECOLLECTION OF A PLACE
MARKED WITH AN INSCRIPTION POST,
WHERE TWO YOUNG MEN WERE DROWNED
NEAR CAMBRIDGE.

ELEGIAC.

THE distant Rail, fixt by the watry Glade,
Whose whiten'd aspect shews its recent date,
Contrasted to the Willow's pensive shade
Stands, the sad Monument of awful Fate.

2.

The Trave'ller oft his destin'd path foregoes
It's purport by the swelling surge to find:
Unconscious of the pain it shall disclose
To the reflective sympathizing Mind.

3.

Yet will he linger on the faithless bank;
And love to muse upon the sullen stream
Made gloomy by each shrub and flowret dank;
While in his Mind its fatal horrors teem.
From Meditation on severest Woe
Thus cherisht thoughts, and grateful sorrows flow!

Dec. 1800. S. W. F.

SONNET.

LV.

ON THE RECOLLECTION OF RURAL SCENES IN WHICH
THE AUTHOR HAD PASS'D HER CHILDHOOD,
AT TIMWORTH NEAR BURY AND IN ITS
NEIGHBOURHOOD.

YE upland Slopes, whose blended light pourtrayd
Various, as Fancy bade, the changeful view ;
Ye fertile Vallies, where embosom'd grew
Dark Copse, or spread the intervening Glade ;

Ye Woods, where oft, at Evening's tranquil hour
I've loiter'd through the thickest of your shade !...
In your lone haunts my Spirit first essay'd
To meet the charm of Contemplation's Power.

2.

And thou, lov'd Stream, o'er which I've idly bent
To trace the wanderings of thy limpid course ;
Or, listening to thy murmurs, wildly hoarse,
Paus'd on thy banks, to every sound intent—
All, all, was pregnant of divine Delight ;
And all seems fairer yet in Memory's sight.

Feb. 1801. S. W F.

OCCASION'D BY A WALK
IN GRANDCHESTER CHURCH-YARD.

HERE, while I muse, mid unregarded heaps
Of *peasant Dust*, long mingled with the earth
That gave their noiseless cares and sufferings birth,
THOUGHT her lone meditative Vigils keeps.

2.

For here the BARD attun'd his awful Lyre
To the pure merits which to these belong :
Here breath'd, in tenderest elegiac Song,
Those Sympathies their toils, cares, joys, inspire.

3.

Thrice hallowd spot ! . . . O, grateful were the boon
Might praise or gratitude charm Death to part
From prey once seiz'd ;—praise, guerdon of an
heart
Whence Glory beam'd, yet gentle as their own :
But on the Grave's deaf ear powerless the din
Of Praise, such as e'en GRAY or MILTON win.

Yarmouth 11 Jan. 1801. S. W. F.

LVII.

ON REVISITING TROSTON.

AGAIN thy peaceful solitude, fair Vale,
Thy rich redundancy of light and shade,
The spiry Fir and variegated blade,
And stream, whose murmur scarce is heard, I hail.

2.

Within thy arms sequester'd may I find
Some charm with mild creative influence fraught;
Something of power to urge protracted thought:
Such needs the temper of the untun'd Mind!

3.

And first, from its most latent depths erase
All vulgar prejudice and ill-tim'd scorn:
Avert the blights of Envy, yet unborn:
And every wish that interest sways efface.
Thus while my Muse my Heart's response shall prove
Thy tranquil beauties and mild charms I'll love.

1 Aug. 1801. S. W. F.

LVIII.

IN THE CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU*.

NOW, while the Sun pours down his fiercest ray
I fly to Shades yet spar'd from human scan;
Where all, unconscious of the hand of Man,
Speaks not of servitude and tyrant sway.

2.

There, till in night the wide horizon lours,
Absorb'd in soothing reverie, I lie:
For all that meets this World-averting eye
Breathes through my Soul a grief-consoling power.

3.

Soon I behold, as Fancy wills, to start
Beings appropriate to the savage scene:
Strangers to prejudice and narrow spleen:
Nor pause to constitute myself a part.
Then to their endless Source I turn my eyes—
Till lost in Wonder all idea flies.

June 1801. S. W. F.

* Vide Lettres de Montmorenci: Lett. iii. and Promenade vii.

"Je sens des extases, des ravisemens inexprimables, a me fondre, pour ainsi dire, dans le systeme des etres, a m'identifier avec la Nature entiere."

TO INDIFFERENCE.

THERE are whom cold Indifference can sustain,
Calm, 'mid the shock of unsuspected woes
That or the World or Friendship on them throws.
These, mid Life's troubled sea, peaceful remain.

2.

Come then, Indifference, hitherto unknown,
And blunt the feelings of this harrass'd Mind:
Which, erst to other views although inclin'd,
Now bends a suppliant at thy frozen throne.

3.

Still I recoil—Ah, with how ill a Grace
Could I from Man's peculiar Right be wrought;
Renounce the Soul's fair privilege of thought;
And mingle with the brute unconscious Race!
Then shall this Heart, regardless of it's meed,
Triumph in sentiment, though doom'd to bleed.

Mar. 1802. S. W. F.

SONNET.

LX.

AT NIGHT; IN A VILLAGE.

WHAT calm this tranquillizing scene pervades !
While Night's fair Regent, from her utmost height,
Pours forth libations of the tenderest light
Beneath whose beam each grosser shadow fades.

2.

No longer now the Village Peal I hear:
Which through the branches of yon spreading trees
Borne on the light wing of the evening breeze
With melody most pleasing struck the ear.
Silence hath lulld the darken'd Hemisphere !
Nor sound perceptible the ear can seize :
Save that the lonely Owl, whom these shades please,
Now pours his plaint, now wheels his low career ;

3.

And by his drear and solitary flight
Adds import to the pathos of the Night.

June 1801. S. W. F.

PLEASURES OF DAWNING FANCY.

WRITTEN JUNE MDCCCL.

LONG as Remembrance can look back on Years
Of artless Childhood's unperverted taste,
Whate'er by Nature's glowing pencil grac'd
When She or wild or cultivate appears

2.

Won on the candour of the infant Mind,
Fann'd dawning hope, awakening feeling fir'd;
Imagination's earliest flights inspir'd;
And its faint powers to firmer aim inclin'd.

3.

And must I now the wonted Charm refuse,
That Nature gave and Years have renderd sweet!
Must I no more its soothing influence meet;
The tranquil source of all my better views:
Mild solace of a Mind to no fair prospects born,
Which too intensely feels stern Trial's thorn.

22 Jul: 1801. S. W. F.

QUATUORZAIN.

LXII.

ELEGIAC.

TO

THE AUTHOR

OF THE PRECEDING SONNETS.

(ANON.)

WHAT Notes are those I heard in yonder glade
So sweet, so pensive, and so simply wild?
Who tunes that Lyre?—I ween some lovely Maid
Whom Genius calls her fond, her favorite, Child.

2.

What heavenly pathos!—Ah, at every swell
How sinks the soul with many a tender thought!
Delicious notes! fond Freedom's lonely knell;...
For Love is mingled with each varying note.

3.

To muse on sounds so wafted by the Gale
Ah how delicious! when the gray-ey'd Eve
Pours o'er the scene her soft her genial veil,
More sweet than that this Songstress loves to weave
Then say what Forest or what Glen contains
That Nymph, who warbles such enrapturing strains.

8 Oct. 1801.

SONNET.

LXIII.

ABSENCE.

I LOVE: and day by day, as absent, pine
Barr'd from her sight and converse whom I love:
And yet the Fair by plighted Vows is mine;
Mine by Affection far those Vows above
Mine by possession;—O the Bliss divine;—
Nor can my Heart her Constancy reprove.
Why does she then society decline
With me, me whose Desires never from her remove?

2.

○ Night, return and give her to my Arms!
Full of Constraint and tedious is the Day.
Though the same roof enshrine her wedded Charms
Though on my board beam her benignant Ray.—
O, haste the Hour when private and alone
Joys only She can give shall be my own!

26 Aug. 1802. C. L.

SONNET.

LXIV.

SENT WITH
"RIME SCELTE DI PETRARCA"
ON THE BIRTH-DAY
OF
MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH:
MDCCCI.

THOU who so early the Italian Lyre
Of sweet and tender Melody, hast known,
And made its Modulations all thine own
Which every Muse and every Grace inspire:
Now, when thy natal Day should wake the Fire
Of this delighted Heart,—these lines alone
Whisper my soul, in all unequal Tone:
And what are these to speak how I admire?

2.

Speak PETRARCH then!—But ah, he never knew
For HER, the Theme of all his artful Lays
Love Admiration and Esteem so true,
Such as to *Thee* my Soul enraptur'd pays.
Yet where his strains most breathe the Heart, may be
Some Image of the thoughts inspir'd by Thee.

C. L.

SONNET.

LXV.

TO
MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH:

FOR VALENTINE'S DAY;

M DCCCII.

YE Muses and ye Loves, the WREATH entwine
For Her, the dear Possessor of my Heart;
For her whom ye have taught your sweetest Art;
My gentle, *lovely*, peerless VALENTINE.
Ne'er may her Image from this Breast decline:
But ever, as Fate spins Life's added line,
In all *her* cares still may I bear a part;
As *her's* the tender joy to pour delight on mine.

2.

O, I have known her worth!—And never Mind
Affection beam'd more tender, firm, and pure.
And *her's* the soul of Energies refin'd
Which give the Bliss they waken'd to endure.
Ye Muses, Graces, Love and Hymen twine
This Chaplet for my peerless *Valentine*!

Written 12 Febr. 1802. C. L.

SONNET.

LXVI.

TO THE HOUR GLASS.

KEPT IN A LITTLE ROOM

CALLD THE NEST.

THOU lowly Monitor of Time's career,
Pursuing at command thy stealthy pace;
Though all divested, as thou art of Grace,
Yet hast thou been a constant inmate here,
For many an Hour and Day, Week, Month and Year,
A Witness in this consecrated Place!
How would I prize thee, couldst thou but retrace
Each generous Sigh, each sympathizing Tear

2.

Which in these lonely Walls hath dropt unseen!
Still will I prize thee: as Reflection views
That Life, compos'd of Nature's fairest hues,
Unjustly blended with the shades of Spleen;
And think how various it's chequerd round,
Since here thy silent stream it's hourly course first
wound.

12 Jul. 1802. S. W. L.

SONNET.

LXVII.

ON
POPE'S WILLOW:
CONVERTED TO AN URN*.

THOSE who were wont on TWICKENHAM's plains to
keep

Vigils beneath the Umbrage of that Tree
Most favor'd and most sorrowful, shall see
The WILLOW for it's Bard hath ceas'd to weep
Shrunk to this URN, it's graceful branches sweep
No more the Stream, nor waft the foliage free
In Whispers that to Sorrow's Voice agree
Nor silent on the beauteous Margin sleep.

2.

Hither, as to a Shrine, shall crowds retire,
Votaries to lofty, to pathetic, Lays,
Attuning to the matchless Poet's praise
Each modulation of the varying Lyre:
In hope, perchance, some portion to acquire
Of His sweet Melody, and Grace, and Fire.

15 Nov. 1801. S. W. F.

* Tradition says this *Weeping Willow* was one of the earliest cultivated in England. And that it was a green Stick of a wicker Basket sent With a Present for the Poet from Constantinople by Lady Suffolk whose Husband was then Ambassador. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

LXVIII.

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

SCARCE has the SUN six short-liv'd SIGNS renew'd
Since all this train from Nature's fostering hand
Rose in succession uniform and bland
And woo'd to rest the Mind in care embrued.

2.

But now with eye averted I survey
Scenes, on which then with rapture I could dwell:
Now I reject their late so potent Spell
And sicken that they e'er could charm my way.

3.

For chang'd is every feeling of my soul!
Awaken'd Reason estimates her Right
Chear'd by the ray of Friendship's sacred Light
She dares the pressure of unjust Controul.
And hears surrounding Nature urge complaint
Immerst in the dire horrors of Restraint.

9 Sept. 1801. S. W. L.

EARLY DEATH.

CALM and serene is Infancy's Repose,
When on the earth it's form insensate lies :
When the last Sleep falls on it's willing eyes,
And Death benign anticipates it's Woes !

2.

For there has Trial ne'er assum'd it's sway
To mar the progress of concentr'd views :
There Sorrow never shed her baleful dew
To frustrate Hope's exhilarating ray.

3.

Nor Envy there has prov'd her cruel Art
To stab, with treacherous hand, another's Fame ;
Nor Prejudice o'erlook'd the fairest claim,
Perverting all the feelings of the Heart.
But free of every stain, nor by our Ills oppress,
In pure primeval Innocence, it sinks to rest.

9 Sept. 1801. J.W.F.

SONNET.

LXX.

ON RECOLLECTION OF A SPOT NEAR ELY.

ALTHOUGH no consecrated Earth contains,
 (Pillow'd beneath the green Turf's soothing hue)
 Where Sympathy sheds tears like morning dew,
The hapless Suicide's reproach'd remains
Although that Stone, fixt by the crossing lanes,
 Repugnant to the generous feeling few
 And source of triumph to the insulting view,
Nought but one sad Memorial explains :

2.

Yet might his Heart, like thine, have learnt to know
 Each nobler feeling by the Good possess:
 Yet might he joy to see another blest ;
And bleed to hear another's Tale of Woe.
Then let his poor Remains uncensur'd rest:
And leave his Heart and Doom to Heaven's Behest.

23 Apr. 1802. S. W. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

LXXI.

SERENADE: OR QUATUORZAIN EN RONDEAU.

TO

THE MOON:

THEN BEAUTIFULLY SHINING

IN A MILD EVENING.

FAIR Regent of the Night, my JULIA keep,
From every care and every danger free!
On her sweet eye-lids breathe thy softest Sleep!
Her mild chaste Loveliness resembles Thee.

2.

O, might I view her slumbering!.... might I trace
The soft blush gleaming o'er the smiling Cheek!
And, as the Latmian Shepherd * wont to seek
Thy couch, irradiate with Heaven's lucid Grace,

3.

So might I gently visit her Repose!....
Ah vain, presumptuous Wish!—Still, still my Vow,
Whate'er of Bliss my Fate may disallow,
For her with tenderest Affection flows.
Fair Regent of the Night, my JULIA keep!
On her sweet eye-lids breathe thy softest sleep!

Monday, 27 Jul., 10 in the Evening, 1801. C. L.

* Endymion.

SONNET.

LXXII.

THE RING.

DEAR, mystic Circlet ! orbs like thine are found
Within their hallowd Empire to enclose
Such unimagi'd Joys, such Cares and Woes,
As still in Hearts most sensible abound.
O, since for me Bliss animates thy Mound
Few be thy Cares to Her :—and only those
Whence Sympathy more sweet and tender flows
And Anguish with increas'd Delight is crown'd.

2.

Dear Circlet!—while with Love and Awe I gaze
On thy pure Gold, of Constancy the sign,
Ah, prompt, if once Imagination strays,
Recall my wedded thoughts to their blest Shrine :
Nor Look unkind, nor Passion's angry sound,
E'er touch her gentle Heart who bears from me thy
Round!

1802. C. L.

SONNET.

LXXIII.

ON THE EFFECT OF DIFFERENT PROSPECTS
ON THE MIND.

BY me unenvied is the Man who finds
No source of pleasure from the wood-land shade ;
Who views with eye inanimate the glade
Glowing beneath the breath of vernal winds :
Unenvied he whom not the Rivulet binds
To mark its stores on mimic Waves displayd ;
Whose bank in new reviving flowers arrayd
His truant thought of no fair hope reminds.

2.

But Ah, supremely blest are those who know
Feelings responsive to whatever scene
Whose souls perceive from the stupendous mien
Of Mountains that with varied brightness glow,
Or the bold Rock, vast Sea, or Wilds of Snow,
Bold and stupendous thoughts, and vast ideas flow.

9 May, 1802. S. W. L.

SONNET.

LXXIV.

OCCASIONED BY A SONNET
ADDRESSD TO THE AUTHOR
OF THE SERIES SIGND S. W. F.
(Vide p. LXXII.)

THE Traveller, night-wandering through the Wood
Sees, with surprize, a sudden radiance gleam
Glide near the darkling path, glance on the stream,
And charm, uncertain whence, his solitude :
Doubtful, if from a friendly dome it beam,
Or if by elfin lights his steps persu'd.
It is Night's lucid Grace*! She, mildly bright,
Advancing rises: and confest is seen
Of silent, tender, hallow'd thoughts the Queen :
Then the pathetic Harmonist of Night
Chants to the blissful orb.—The Shadows rude
Softens:—Hills, Woods, and Streams emerge to Light ;
And every Glen and late obscuring Shade
Now borrows Grace and Lustre from her Aid.

Bennet Str. Cambr. 7 Febr. 1802. C. L.

* Lucidum Cœli Decus.—HOR.

SONNET.

LXXV.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF JACKSON OF EXETER*.

ONE who can boast no deep discerning power
In MUSIC's vast and soul-enchancing Sphere,
Save what, perchance, to Friendship may endear
The *gay*, or sooth the *melancholy*, Hour,
Would fain, O JACKSON, add one simple Flower
To those bestrewd on thy regretted Bier;
And give to Sympathy the heart-felt tear,
That Thou no longer mayst enchant the Bower

2.

With the sweet, tender, animated Note:
Notes, which the Mind's best faculties refine:
Such as of late o'er SEVERN usd to float,
And tune the Soul to Concords sweet as thine.
But those shall live through Ages most remote.—
How grac'd the Poet's wreath if with thy LYRE it twine!

26 Aug. 1803. S. W. L.

* This charming Composer was born at Exeter May 1730. He died there Jul. 1803. Few have so much contributed to revive the natural Alliance between Poetry and Music. See his *Memoir* by Dr. BUSBY, *Month. Mag.* 1803. C. L.

SONETTO.

LXXVI.

DI PETRARCA.

(XXVIII.)

*SOLO e pensoso i piu deserti campi
Vo misurando à passi tardi e lenti
E gli occhi porto per fuggire intenti
Dove vestigio human l'arena stampi.
Altro schermo non trovo che me scampi
Dal manifesto accorger de le genti
Perche ne gli atti d'allegrezza spenti
Di fuor se legge come io d'entro avampi.*

2.

*Si ch'io me credo homai che monti e piagge
E fiume e selve sappian de che tempre
Sia la mia Vita, che e celata altrui:
Ma pur si aspre vie ne si selvagge
Cercar non so, ch'Amor ne venga sempre
Ragionando con meco ed io con lui.*

SONNET.

LXXVII.

TRANSLATION.

THOUGHTFUL, alone, the desert paths I trace;
Measuring my way with silent step and slow;
And watchful still my eye, where'er I go,
The sand-markt vestige shuns of human race.
No haunt but this I find secure from chace
Of some, officious all my cares to know;
Eager to pierce through the thin masque and show
Of chearfulness, to inward Sorrow's face.

2.

And now I think e'en mountain, vale, and wood
Is conscious of the temper of my Mind
And knows how ill my harast thoughts agree!
At least, there is no wilderness so rude
My wandering steps and anxious heart can find
Where I not muse with Love, and Love with
me.

31 Aug. 1801. C. L.

SONETTO.

LXXX.

DI PETRARCA.

(CXIV.)

*POMMI, ov' il Sol occide i fiori e l' erba;
O dove vince lui 'l ghiaccio e la neve:
Pommi ovè 'l carro sup temprato e leve;
E ov' è chi cel rende o chi cel serba
Pommi in umil Fortuna od in superba;
Al dolce äere sereno, al fosco e greve:
Pommi alla notte, al dì longo ed al breve;
Alla maturu etat' od al' acerba*

2.

*Pommi al Ciel', od in Terr', od in Abisso:
In alto poggio, in vall' im' e palustre:
Libero Spirito, od a' suoi membri affisso:
Pommi con Fama oscura, ò con illustre:
Sarò qual fui; vivrò com' io son visso
Continuando il mio sospir trilustre.*

SONNET.

LXXXI.

TRANSLATION.

PLACE me, where herb and fruits the Sun devours;
Or where a Waste is spread of ice and snow;
Or where benign and temperate his glow;
Mid barren Mines, or Vales of smiling Flowers:
Place me where Joy illumines the sportive Hours:
In Glory's heights; or in Disgrace and Woe:
Where faint damps strike; or liveliest breezes flow:
Place me in cloudless Day; or where Night lours

2.

Eternal: in the Heavens or the Abyss:—
Whate'er my Lot, my Hopes or Fears may be,
In all extremes of Misery and Bliss
Of LAURA I shall think;—Her ever see—
In every change my destiny is this,
To love as when her Form, Voice, Look, wak'd
Love in me.

Aug. 1803. C. L.

LXXXIV.

ON SEEING A POPPY WITH ALL ITS FLOWERS,
BLOSSOMS AND SEEDS,
STAND RECLINING OVER A GRAVE:
IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF ST. MARY'S, BURY.
HERE dwells OBLIVION!—is Oblivion here?
Those pure, exalted energies of Mind,
Those blest Affections, tender, warm, refin'd,
That sentiment that swells in Transport's tear,
Sink these within the Grave?—these, so consign'd,
Does drear Repose of Non-existence bind?

2.

And THOU, the Object of my highest thought;
Thou wisest, dearest, loveliest, tenderest, best;....
Is there a Law relentlessly severe
To sink e'en Thee, with all Perfections fraught,
In the void darkness of unconscious Rest;
Or springs the Spirit to it's hallow'd Sphere
At once, when Death hath smote the throbbing
Breast?—
Be it whate'er, Thou reignst while this rapt Mind is
aught.

27 June 1801. C. L.

* Revers'd: The minor Stanza being prefixt.

SONNET.

LXXXV.

AS A GRECIAN SHEPHERD:

TO

VENUS.

GODDESS, I offer at thy simple Shrine

These *snowy* Beauties of the opening Year:

And with them Flowers of tenderest blue entwine,

And *Vinca* to the soul of Feeling dear.

Where Youth and simple Loveliness appear

Pleas'd will thine eye and smiles of Heaven incline;

And wheresoe'er propitious Thou art near

All is Delight and Hope and Harmony divine.

2.

But not the Offerer of these Gifts, I fear

Thou viewst propitious!.... Me, long doom'd to
mourn,

The unrelenting Fates that never bear

Bar from thy Temple; lonely and forlorn !....

And now, e'en Youth is fled:—nor fits it me,

Loveliest of Powers, to breathe one Vow of Hope to
Thee !

1 Mar. 1801. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

LXXXVI.

BY

MRS. OPIE.

POWER of the awful Wind, whose hollow blast
Hurls Desolation wide! thy sway I hail.
It o'er the Scene around can Beauties cast
Superior far to aught that Summer's gale
Bids in the ripening Year to bloom awake.
To view thy majesty, the cheerful Tale,
The Dance, the festive Song, I pleas'd forsake,
And through thy sparkling scenes I stray alone

2.

Now the-pale Regent of thy splendid Night
Decks with her yellow rays thy snowy throne.
Richly her beams on Summer's mantle light;
Richly they gild chill Autumn's tawny vest:
But ah, to me they shine more chastely bright
Spangling the icy robe that wraps thy breast.

FORMS (p. 1.) Lond. 1802.

SONNET.

LXXXVII

TO

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

HERE at my ease,—which rare unmixt I know,—
If aught may breathe from CAM's Muse favor'd
stream
And the bright Star of Evening's favoring beam,
And Suns long absent which now purest glow,
ROBERT, to Thee a Lay should happier flow,
Exulting in a most propitious Theme*,
Now Life's new Dawnings on thy Infant gleam,
And at thy Name conferr'd Hopes lovelier blow.

2.

But, BLOOMFIELD, whatsoe'er thy *Sons* may be,
—And Nature's kindest Gifts may well be theirs,—
Might they be such as CAM, delighted bears
To Heaven, and touch the pastoral Reed like Thee
Hadst thou no *Female* Offspring, still my Mind
Much imperfection in thy Bliss would find.

Trumpington, near Cambridge, 2 Feb. 1804. C. L.

* The Birth of his Son : 21 Jan. 1804.

This Son died the same Year. C. L.

DE BOTTÉAU.

*PARMI les doux transports d'une Amitié fidelle
Je voyois près d'IRIS couler mes heureux jours ;
Iris, que j'aime encore, et que j'aimerai toujours,
Brûloit des mêmes feux dont je brûlois pour elle.
Quand par l'ordre du Ciel une fièvre cruelle
M'enleva cet objet de mes tendres amours,
Et de tous mes plaisirs interrompant le cours
Me laissa de regrets une suite éternelle.*

2.

*Ah, qu'un si rude coup étonna mes esprits !
Que je versai de pleurs, que je poussai de cris !
De combien de douleurs ma douleur fut suivie !
IRIS, tu fus alors moins à plaindre que moi :
Et bien qu'un triste sort t'ait fait perdre la vie,
Hélas, en te perdant j'ai plus perdu que toi.*

TRANSLATION.

By tender and sincere Esteem possess'd,
Near IRIS I had spent my youthful Bloom :
Dear then she was ; and dear e'en in the Tomb ;
And the same Fires glow'd pure in either breast.
When by a Fever,—Heaven thus will'd,—oppress'd
She sank : and left my future Days to gloom :
Left to reflect on her untimely Doom ;
And ever to regret hours once so blest.

2.

Ah, how that stroke smote my astonisht sense !
How did I mourn her lovely Innocence !
What woes on woes since She was ravisht hence !
IRIS, thy Fate was gentle then to mine :
Against the fear of Death to find defence
Is easier than to live, and Life's best hopes resign.

18 Mar. 1804. C. L.

ON THE CHARACTER OF COLETTE DE SPYANE.

SONNET.

TO JACQUES DE BONGARS*.

Oh! vain the frightful Torments hideous roar,
 The swirling Whirlpool, and the murky Tide:
 In vain the Mountain lifts it's rugged side,
 And dreadful Cliffs project their summits hoar
 Whence the black Cormorant is seen to soar
 And by the wearied Pilgrim grimly glide,—
 All, all these Ills LAURETTA will deride,
 And urge her footsteps to the destined Shore.

2.

For CARLO there the wretched Maid shall free;
 Their holy Bands our constant Hearts entwine:
 Then a fond Votary at Juno's Shrine,
 No more a Wanderer shall LAURETTA be.
 These dangerous heights her Soul's Affection prove,
 And make her worthy of her CARLO's Love.

6 Nov. 1803. S. W. L.

* V. BAYLE. DICT. HIST. &c. TIT. BONGARS. The
 account given there of this Lady is peculiarly interesting.
 C. L.

SONNET.

XCV.

SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

TRANSLATION.

" Ite, Rime dolente."

(Vide XXXVIII, IX.)

GO, plaintive Strain, to yon dim cloisters, go,
Where, cold and silent, the insatiate Tomb
Hides my Soul's treasure in it's marble womb:
There breathe my pains in dying accents low.
Invoke her sainted Shade that on my woe
Looks down with pitying smile: tell her, I come,
To the dark confines of my long lost home;
Where the poor Heart eternal rest shall know.

2.

Tell her, my eyes are weary of the Sun:
Tir'd with my journey through this Vale of tears:
With joy I feel Life's sand is almost run:
Farewell, o World, and all thy hopes and fears!
Long lost to pleasure; since that fatal Day
That snatcht, in Beauty's Spring, my Child away.

QUATUORZAIN.

XCVI.

SHAKESPEARE*.

ELEGIAC.

LET me not to the Marriage of true Minds
Admit Impediments.—Love is not Love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the Remover to remove..

2.

O no! it is an ever fixed Mark
That looks on Tempests, and is never shaken:
It is the Star to every wandering Bark;
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be
taken.

3.

Love 's not Time's Fool; though rosy Lips and Cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with *his* brief Hours and Weeks;
But bears it out e'en to the Day of Doom.
If this be Error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no Man ever lov'd.

Edge 3

SONNET.

XCVII.

BY

MRS. CHARLES MATTHEWS.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

(II.)

BRIGHT Star of Eve*, resplendent gem of Night,
Beneath thy lucid Orb I love to stray,
Drop Feeling's tears, and mark thy quivering ray
Till borne on *Fancy's* car with rapid flight
I mount thy Sphere, and tread thy beamy Way.
Or if, perchance, I seek the ruin'd tower
To waste alone the contemplative hour
Wrapt in deep thought thy secrets I survey

2.

Methinks my Angel MARY's Form glides by,
And points to Thee, her seat of Bliss serene:
Then bids me hope; nor grieve for joys *térrene*;
Waves her fair hand, and seeks her native Sky.
Adieu, *bright Star!* the airy Visions fade,
And leave me pensive in the ruin'd shade.

* From "POZMS;" after her Decease, Anno 1802.

SONNET.

XCVIII.

TO

MRS. LOFFT;

THE DAY AFTER HER BIRTHDAY.

MY SARAH, my Heart feels a simple Lay
Due to thy *three* and *twentieth* year completed
How little all that Poesy can say
For Vows to Heaven, not in vain, repeated.
The Boon is given which my fond Soul entreated;
A DAUGHTER: who in some propitious Day
Gives hope that not those Prayers shall be defeated
Which ask'd a Child whose Mind's attemper'd ray

2.

Might like her Mother's beam.—*Calamity**
Sweeps near us with her dark and viewless Wing.
But may it still this Infant spare, and Thee:
And Victress o'er our Cares and Fears Joy spring!
And ere this Day's Return may EUROPE know
Some Respite to her Cares, her Burthens, and her Woe.

Troston, 8 Nov. 1803. C. L.

* In this small Village a Child of about 5 years old was burnt to Death on the 11th Oct. by her cloaths taking fire. Another, on the 4th of this Month, at the Age of about 9, a very promising and amiably temper'd Child, was shot dead by her Brother about a year older than herself. And since that another Girl broke her thigh.

SONNET.

XCIX.

SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY*.

BRIGHT crisped threads of pure translucent Gold!

Ye who were wont with Zephyr's breath to play,

O'er the warm cheek and ivory forehead stray

Or clasp her neck in many an amorous fold,

Now, motionless, this little shrine must hold:

No more to wanton in the eye of Day;

Or to the breeze your changeful hues display:

For ever still, inanimate, and cold.

2.

Poor, poor last Relique of an Angel's Face!

Sad setting ray;—no more thy orb is seen!

O Beauty's Pattern; miracle of Grace;

Must this be all that tells what Thou hast been!....

Come then cold Crystal, on this bosom lie

Till Love, and Grief, and fond Remembrance die!

* SORROWS OF FENELope.

SONNET.

C.

MILTON. (1.)

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve when all the Woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart dost fill

²
*While the jolly Hours lead on propitious MAY.

Thy liquid Notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
Portend success in Love.—O, if Jove's Will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay

2.

Now timely sing: ere the rude Bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.

Whether the Muse or Love call Thee his Mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

* 2 Syll. in time of 1; as markt.

QUATUORZAIN.

CI.

SECOND CENTENARY.

Flebilibus convenit illa modis.

WRANGHAM.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY YOUTH.

ELEGIAC.

MUCH on my early Youth I love to dwell
When by my Father's side, a stripling Boy
I pac'd, with steps unequal:—fain to tell
Of some new practis'd game, some new bought toy.

2.

How oft with bliss, which later days deny
My prattling tongue it's story would repeat;
Bounding beneath his tender smile, how high
With blameless pride my filial Heart would beat.

3.

O, for those hours of ecstasy again
Which thus on Life's sweet prime their lustre shed!
The radiant Season I invite in vain
With second beam to gild this orphan head:
It comes not twice!—nor boots it to repine:
I with his ashes soon may mingle mine.

SONNET.

CII.

THE INTRODUCTORY*.

MRS. ROBINSON.

FAVOR'D by Heaven are those, ordain'd to taste
The Bliss supreme that kindles Fancy's fire :
Whose magic fingers sweep the Muse's Lyre
In varying cadence, eloquently chaste !
Well may the Mind with tuneful numbers grac'd
To Fame's immortal attributes aspire ;
Above the treacherous spells of low Desire
That wound the sense by vulgar joys debas'd.

2.

For Thou, blest POESY, with godlike powers
To calm the miseries of Man wert given ;
When Passion rends, and hopeless Love devours,
By Memory goaded, and by Frenzy driven,
'Tis thine to guide him midst Elysian Bowers,
And shew his fainting Soul a glimpse of Heaven.

* To her SERIES of SONNETS in the Character of SAPHO.

SONNET.

CIII.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO THE EOLIAN HARP.

(VIII.)

SO ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust it did career
It might have sooth'd it's rugged Charioteer
And sunk him to a Zephyr:—then it died
Melting in melody—and I descried
Borne to some wizzard stream* the Form appear
Of Druid-Sage, who on the far off ear
Pour'd his lone Song, to which the surge replied :

2.

Or thought I heard the hapless Pilgrim's knell
Lost in some wild enchanted Forest's bounds,
By unseen Beings sung.—Or are these sounds
Such as 'tis said at night are known to swell
By startled Shepherd on the lonely heath ;
Keeping his night-watch sad ! portending Death.

* Deva's wizzard Stream. MILTON in Lycid. C. L.

SONNET.

CIV.

TO THE AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

BY

THOMAS EDWARDS*.

O MASTER of the Heart, whose magic skill
The close recesses of the Soul can find;
Can rouse, becalm, and terrify the Mind,
Now melt with pity, now with anguish thrill;
Thy moral page while virtuous Precepts fill
Warm from the heart, to mend the Age design'd,
Wit, Strength, Truth, Decency, are all combin'd
To lead our Youth to Good, and guard from Ill.

2.

O, long enjoy what thou so well hast won;
The grateful tribute of each honest Heart
Sincere, nor hackneyd in the ways of men;
At each distressful stroke their true tears run;
And Nature, unsophisticate by Art,
Owns and applauds the labours of thy Pen.

* Author of the CANONS of CRITICISM.

SONNET*.

CV.

COLERIDGE†. (iv.)

DEAR native brook ! wild streamlet of the West !
How many various fated Years have past,
What blissful and what anguisht hours, since last
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps ! Yet so deep imprest

2.

Sink the sweet scenes of Childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy margins willowy maze,
And bedded sand that vein'd with various dyes
Gleam'd through thy bright transparence to the gaze.
Visions of Childhood ! oft have Ye beguif'd
Lone Manhood's cares ; yet waking fondest sighs !
Ah, that once more I were a careless Child !

* *En terzette* : the lines rhiming by Triplets.

† POEMS. 3d. Ed. 1803.

SONNET.

CVI.

TO THE AUTHOR OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

BY

THOMAS EDWARDS.

SWEET Moralist, whose generous Labours tend
With ceaseless diligence to guide the Mind
In the wild maze of Error wandering blind
To Virtue, Truth, and Honour—glorious End
Of glorious Toils!—Vainly would I commend
In numbers worthy of your sense refin'd
This last Great Work, which leaves all praise behind
And justly stiles You of Mankind the Friend:
Pleasure with Profit artful while You blend,
And now the Fancy now the Judgement feed
With grateful change which every Passion sways,
Numbers, who neer to graver Lore attend,
Caught by the Charm, grow virtuous as they read:
And Lives reform'd shall give You genuine Praise.

CVII.

ELEGIAC.

ANNE BANNERMAN*.

"Se lamentar."

(Vide XL, I.)

MOV'D by the summer Wind when all is still
The light leaves quiver on the yielding Spray;
Sighs from it's flowery bank the lucid rill,
While the Birds answer in their sweetest lay.

2.

Vain to this sickening Heart these scenes appear:
No Form but hers can meet my tearful eyes;
In every passing gale her Voice I hear
It seems to tell me 'I have heard thy sighs.'

3.

'But why,' She cries, 'in Manhood's towering prime,
'In Grief's dark mist thy days, inglorious, hide?
'Ah, dost thou murmur, that my span of time
'Has join'd Eternity's unchanging tide?
'Yes, though I seem'd to shut mine eyes in night
'They only clos'd to wake in everlasting light.'

SONNET.

CVIII.

BY

MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS..

FROM PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

LOVE.

AH LOVE, ere yet I knew thy fatal power,
Bright glow'd the colour of my youthful days;
As on the sultry Zone the torrid rays
That paint the broad leav'd plantain's glossy bower!
Calm was my bosom as this silent hour
When o'er the Deep, scarce seen, the Zephyr strays,
Midst the cool Tamarinds indolently plays
Nor from the Orange shakes it's od'rous flower.

2.

But ah, since Love has all my Heart possesst
That desolated heart what sorrows tear?
Disturb'd and wild as Ocean's troubled breast
When the hoarse Tempest of the Night is there!
Yet my complaining Spirit asks no rest:
This bleeding Bosom cherishes Despair.

SONNET.

CIX.

FROM MRS. ROBINSON'S
SAPPHO AND PHAON.

IS it to *love*, to fix the tender gaze;
To hide the timid blush, and steal away;
To shun the busy world, and waste the day
In some rude mountain's solitary maze?
Is it to chaunt *one* name in ceaseless lays;
To hear no words that other tongues can say;
To watch the pale Moon's melancholy ray;
To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?

2.

Is it to pour the involuntary Sigh;
To dream of Bliss, and wake new pangs to prove;
To talk in fancy with the speaking eye;
Then start in jealousy and wildly rove?
Is it to loath the light and wish to die?
For these I feel:—and feel that they are LOVE.

SONNET.

CX.

GRAY.

ON THE DEATH OF WEST.

ELEGIAC.

IN vain to me, the smiling Mornings shine
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The Birds in vain their am'orous descant join;
Or cheerful Fields resume their green attire;
These ears, alas, for other Notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish meets no Heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

2.

Yet Morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new born pleasure brings to happier Men:
The Fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little Loves the Birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear*;
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

* ' *Lasso, à tal che non m' ascolta, narro.*'

T. I. MATHIAS*.

TRADUZIONE.

*IN van per me ride il nascente Giorno,
E 'l Sole inalza e rozzegianti rai;
Sciolgean gli Augelli in van pietosi lai,
E 'l suol rinverde in lieto manto adorno:
Altri Oggetti i' desiò di giorno in giorno;
Ed altre Note, ah note non, mai guai!
Non giunge 'l mio martir tra spirti gai:
Muor la gioia imperfetta à me d' intorno.*

2.

*Sorge AURORA intanto, Annunziatrice
Di nova uffici à più felici cori;
Sparge i suoi bene 'l suol con larga mano;
Destan l' Augelli lor vezzozi Amori:
Io chiamo lui cui più senter non lice,
E piango più perchè lo piango in vano.*

* Componimenti lirici de' più illustri Poeti d'Italia.
Tom. iii. MATHIAS Ed. BECKET. Publ.

SONETTO.

CXII.

DI PETRARCA.

(XCIX.)

*QUEL vago impallidir che 'l dolce riso
D'un amorosa nebbia ricoperse
Con tanta maestade al cor s' offerse
Che li se fece incontr' à mezzo 'l viso
Connobbi alhor sicome in Paradiso
Vede l' un l' altro ; in tal guisa s' aperse
Quel pietoso pensier che altri non scerse :
Ma vid' il io che altrove non m' affiso.*

2.

*Ogni angelica vista, ogni atto humile,
Che giamai in Donna ove Amor fosse apparve
Fora uno sdegno à lato à quel ch' io dico.
Chinava à terra il bel guardo gentile :
E tacendo dicea (come à me parve)
Ch' m' allontana il mio fedel Amico.*

SONNET.

CXIII.

TRANSLATION.

THAT charming Paleness that o'erclouding threw
O'er her bewitching smiles a love-sick shade
Came with such winning majesty array'd
That forth my ravisht heart to meet it flew.
How Saints greet Saints in Paradise I knew
From that blest hour;—so lively was displayd
That tender Sentiment none other read
But I, who still from her my being drew.

2.

Each angel-look, each condescending grace
That can, on Lady's cheek, when kindest, play
Compar'd to this would cold disdain appear.
She bent to Earth her gentle beauteous face;
And in expressive silence seem'd to say
Who from my side my faithful Friend would tear?

ANON.

QUATUORZAIN.

CXIV.

COLERIDGE. (VI.)

TO

BOWLES.

MY heart has thankd thee, BOWLES, for those soft
 strains

Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
Of wild Bees in the sunny showers of Spring;
For hence not callous to the Mourner's pains

2.

Through Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went.
And when the darker Day of Life began,
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd Man,
Their mild and manliest Melancholy lent

3.

A mingled Charm, which oft the pang consign'd
To slumber, though the big tear it renew'd;
Bidding such strange mysterious pleasure brood
Over the wavy and tumultuous Mind
As made the Soul enamor'd of her Woe.
No common praise, dear Bard, to thee I owe.

SONNET.

CXV.

HENRY HOWARD;

EARL OF SURREY.

SUMMER.

ELEGIAC.

THE soote Season that bud and bloom forth brings

With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale:

The Nightingall with fethers new she sings;

The Turtle to her mate hath told her tale.

Sumner is come: for every spray now springs.

The Hart hath hung his old head on the pale;

The Buck in brake his winter coat he flings;

The Fishes fleete with new repayred scale:

The Adder all her slough away she flinges;

The swift Swallow pursueth the flies smalle.

The busy Bee her honey how she minges!

Winter is worne that was the floures bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things

Eche care decays;—and yet my sorrow springs.

From "PETRARCA;" a Selection of SONNETS. 1804.

CXVI.

JAMES JENNINGS.

DESIRE OF SOLITUDE.

OFT have I mixt the gaudy World among
Where every bosom glows with new delights
Apparently : where Music fond invites
Departing joys to melody of Song :—

2.

Oft where the mighty, affluent, and great,
Not wise, with wanton luxury refin'd
Aspire :—where maddening Pleasures satiate
The sense : where every outward good combin'd

3.

Pours forth, at once, a gust of sensual joy :—
Anxious to find a Spirit like my own ;
Not studious over much, but when alone
One who the stealing hours would dare employ.
But, ah, deceiv'd, I 've sought long time in vain :
And, haply, now I hope, but to augment my pain.

EUROP. MAG. *Anno* 1794.

I have ventured to transpose a word in the last line :
where "haply" immediately preceded "hope."

SHAKESPERE.

REFLECTION ON THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF TIME.

WHEN I have seen by TIME's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of outworn buried Age ;
When sometimes lofty Towers I see down ras'd
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;

2.

When I have seen the hungry Ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore ;
And the firm Soil win of the wat'ry main ;
Encreasing store with loss, and loss with store ;

3.

When I have seen such interchange of State,
Or State itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat
That Time will come and take my Love away.
This thought is as a Death : which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose *.

* In this beautiful line SHAKESPERE afterward, like HOMER and VIRGIL, borrow'd from himself. C. L.

SONNET.

CXVIII.

LANGHORNE*:

TRANSLATION.

“ *Se lamentar Aug:*”

Vide supra.

(XL, I. CVII.)

WAILD the sweet Warbler to the lonely shade,
Trembled the green leaf to the summer gale,
Fell the fair stream in murmurs down the dale,
It's banks, it's flowery banks with verdure spread :
Where by the charm of pensive Fancy led,
All as I fram'd the love-lamenting Tale,
Came the dear Object whom I still bewail;
Came, from the regions of the chearless Dead.

2.

And why, She cried, untimely wilt thou die ?
And why, for pity, shall those mournful tears
Start, in wild sorrow, from that languid eye?—
Cherish no more those visionary fears
For me, who range yon light-invested sky ;
For me, who triumph in eternal Years !

* From PETRARCA: a Collection of Sonnets.

SONNET.

CXIX,

TO A FRIEND

ON

HIS APPROACHING MARRIAGE.

BLEST be this Year, my Friend !—it dawns to Thee
With prospects thy pure Heart was born to love :
Taste, Reason, Fancy all accordant move,
And the heaven-breathing power of Sympathy.
Sweetly companion'd shall thy footsteps be
If wandering through the various-tinted Grove,
Or if to flowery Vales thy footsteps rove
Or Moon-reflected stream :—Fair dawns the Year
to Thee !—

2.

And blissful, O my Friend, it dawns to me !
To me, long sunk in melancholy Thought,
It brings a Gift with every transport fraught
In which MINERVA and the MUSE agree :
Where with sweet, tender, pensive Grace inwrought
Breathes Energy divine !—Blest Year to Thee and me !

Bennet Street, Cambridge: 7 Feb. 1802. C. L.

TO
THE MORNING STAR.

WILLIAM ASHIBURNHAM.

STAR of the MORN, whose mild benignant beam
At early dawn with ever chearing ray
O'er Night's last shadows shoots a golden gleam,
Auspicious Herald of approaching Day!

2.

Thy splendor decorates the vaulted Sky;
Extatic fervor kindles as I gaze:
And while thy form resplendent charms the eye
Gratitude chaunts aloud the' Almighty's praise.

3.

Fair as thou art, yon glowing Orb so bright,
Region of Bliss which I with transport see,
The Soul will sail to scenes of nobler light,
Rapt on the cherub wings of Extasy,
The Sons of GOD with beams of Glory shine
More fair, more bright, more exquisite than thine.

SONNET.

CXXL

o

DRUMMOND
OF
HAWTHORNDEN.

SEE Cytherea's Birds, that wanton pair
On yonder leafy Myrtle Tree which groan
And waken with their kisses in the air
The enamor'd Zephyrs murmuring one by one!
If thou but sense hadst like *Pygmalion's* stone,
Or hadst not seen *Medusa's* snaky hair,
Love's Lessons thou mightst learn: and lean, sweet
Fair,
To Summer's heat ere that thy Spring be gone.

2.

And if those kissing Lovers seem but cold,
Look how that Elm this Ivy doth embrace,
And binds and clasps with many a wanton fold;
And, courting Sleep, o'ershadows all the place:
Nay, seems to say, Dear Tree, we shall not part:
In sign whereof, lo, in each leaf a heart*.

* The *Poplar* is much nearer heart-leaved than the *Elm*
or *Ivy*. C. L.

ANNE BANNERMAN.

*"Green Thorn of the Hall of Ghosts, that shakest thy
Head to nightly Winds*."*

TEMORA.

(VII.)

SHOOK in the whistling Wind, that sweeps by Night,
Waves the dark thorn upon the twilight hill.

Hark, through the murmuring leaves that shiver still
Some Spirit rustles, in it's airy flight.

2.

For oft in wintry storms, the eddying blast
Bears on it's viewless wings, the shadowy dead :
When the faint Moon conceals her pallid head,
Amid the darkness of the' unfathom'd vast.

3.

O hear me, Voices of the Days of Old !
I hear not You, departed Sons of Song !
Say, do ye sweep the Lyre the clouds among,
Or in the Morning-Mist aerial roll'd
Glide the green Ocean's foamy breast along,
When beam the sun-beat waves in liquid gold ?

SONNET.

CXXIII.

SPENSER *.

7

ELEGIAC.

LIKE as a Huntsman, after weary chace,
Sceing the Game from him escape away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place
With panting Hounds beguiled of their pray;

So, after long pursute and vain assay
When I long weary had the chace forsook
The gentle Deer return'd the self-same way
Thinking to quench her thirst in the next brook :

2.

Then She, beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to flee, but fearless still did bide :
Till I in hand her, yet half trembling, took
And with her own good will her firmly tide.
Strange thing me seem'd to see a Beast so wild
So goodly won ; with her own will beguil'd.

* This Sonnet, if I recollect, is beautifully set by GREEN.
C. L.

DI TORQVATO TASSO *.

*SE d' Icaro leggesti e de Fetonte
Ben sai come l' un cadde in questo Fiume
Quando portar del' Oriente 'l lume
Volle, e di rai del Sol cinger la fronte:
E 'l altro in Mar che troppo ardite e pronte
A volo alzo le sue cerate piume.
E cosi va che di tentur presume
Strade nel Ciel per Fama à pena conte.*

2.

*Ma, che dee paventar in alta impresa
S' avvien ch' AMOR affide? e che non percote
AMOR, che con catena il Cielo unisce!
Egli giù trahe della celeste rote
Di terrena Beltà DIANA accesa;
E d' IDA 'l bel Fanciul al Ciel rapisce.*

TRANSLATION.

HOOLE*.

OFT have we heard in PO's imperial Tide
How hapless PHAETON was head-long thrown,
Who durst aspire the Sun's bright steeds to guide
And wreathe his brows with splendors not his own.

2.

Oft have we heard how midst the' ICARIAN main
Fell the rash Youth who tried too bold a flight:
Thus shall it fare with him, who seeks in vain
On mortal wings to reach the empyrean height.

3.

But who inspir'd by LOVE can dangers fear?
What cannot LOVE, that guides the rolling sphere;
Whose powerful Magic Earth and Heaven con-
trolls?
LOVE brought DIANA from the starry Sky,
Smit with the beauties of a mortal eye;
LOVE snatcht the Boy of IDA to the Poles.

* From PETRARCA: a Collection of Sonnets.

SONNET.

CXXVI.

LANGHORNE.

TRANSLATION FROM MILTON.

* "*DIODATI, Io te 'l diro*".

CHARLES, must I say what strange it seems to say,
This rebel Heart, which Love hath held as naught,
Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught,
Would laugh, and let his captive steal away ;
This simple Heart hath now become his prey :
Yet hath no golden tress this Lesson taught,
Nor vermeil cheek that shames the rising Day :
O no !—twas Beauty's most celestial ray

2.

With charms divine of sovereign sweetness fraught,
The noble mien, the soul-dissolving air,
The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,
The Voice, that breathing Melody so rare
Might lead the toil'd Moon from the middle sky.
Small† chance had I to hope this simple Heart
should fly.

* Vide Vol. I. of this Collection; (xxxiv, v.) for the Italian Sonnet itself of MILTON, and another Translation.

† The penultimate line

"Charles, when such mischief arm'd this foreign Fair"
is omitted: as being inadmissible, by the Laws of the Sonnet.

MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS*.

(XI.)

MEDITATION BY MOONLIGHT.

WHAT time the silver Regent of the Night
Spreads a faint lustre oer the Vault of Heaven,
The Child of Genius marks swift Fancy's flight ;
To Pöesy's hallow'd theme his thoughts are given.

2.

Then through the Grove his tasteful numbers breathe;
Where Woodbines fair and the wild perfum'd Rose
Give fragrance to the breath of meek-eyd Eve
And Nature's soothing charms their Source disclose.

3.

While Silence aids the pensive thought sublime,
That bids the Wanderer check the rising Sigh
And mildly glide adown the stream of Time : - - -
That Sorrow soon will cease ;—that *Heaven* is nigh ;
Where Scorn no more the Sufferer's Heart shall tear
*But Joy, and Peace, and Love, bloom through the' eter-
nal Year.*

SONETTO.

CXXVIII.

MILTON.

(VI.)

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto Amante,
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubio sono,
Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono
Faro divoto! — Io certo, a prove tante,
L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono:
Quando rugge il gran Mondo e scocca il Tuono
S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante;

2.

Tanto del forse e d' invidia securo,
Di timori e speranze al Popol' use,
Quanto d' ingegno e d' alto valor vago,
E di Cetra sonora e delle Muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men d'aro
Ove Amor mise l' insanabil' ago.

SONNET.

CXXIX.

TRANSLATION.

LANGHORNE.

AN artless Youth who, simple in his Love,
Seem'd little hopeful from his Heart to fly
To thee that Heart, O Lady !.....nor deny
The votive Gift he brings: since that shall prove
All change, and fear, and falsity above;
Of Manners that to gentle Deeds comply,
And courteous Will that never asketh why,
Yet mild as is the never wrathful Dove.

2.

Firmness it hath, and Fortitude to bear
The Wrecks of Nature, or the Wrongs of Fate;
From Envy far and low designing Care,
And Hopes and Fears that vulgar Minds await:
With the sweet Muse and sounding Lyre elate;
And only weak when Love had entrance there.

SONNET.

CXXX.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

IN REPLY TO THE XXXII SONNET.

LET the sublimer Muse, who wrapt in Night
Rides on the raven pennons of the Storm,
Or o'er the Field with purple havock warm
Lashes her Steeds and sings along the Fight,—
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive SONNET's little form,
And scorn to it's mild cadence to conform
The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.

2.

But me, far lowliest of the sylvan train
Who wake the Wood-Nymphs from the forest shade
With wildest Song,—me much behoves the aid
Of mingled Melody, to grace my strain,
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

QUATUORZAIN.

CXXXI.

EMETT.

ABSENCE.

ELEGIAC.

A PENSIVE Wanderer, compell'd to roam
From thy dear converse and enchanting smiles,
To mitigate the woes of sever'd Love
Thus oft, with Fancy's aid, the Time beguiles.

2.

I think I trace my charming JULIA there
Where'er the hand of Nature shews a sweet:
And through the Seasons, as they mark the Year,
Memorials still of all her Beauties meet.

3.

The tender Graces of the Youthful Spring,
The glowing Loveliness of Summer mild,
The ripe Luxuriance Autumn loves to fling
Abroad are thine.—But, oh through Winter, wild,
Dreary, and joyless all around, I see
No Emblem but of Banishment from Thee.

SONNET.

CXXXII.

F. SAYERS*; M.D.

LOVE OF PEACE, POETRY, AND SOLITUDE.

IN IMITATION OF THE OLD ENGLISH MANNER.

IN vain doth Grandeur, trickt in gorgeous pall,
Stalk stately by and point to glittering joys:
In vain doth Mammon spread his gilded toys
To lure a careless wight to bitter thrall:
In vain doth fondly laughing Pleasure call
To loose delights and days of mirthful noise.
Hence, hated Fiends!—me gentle Peace accoys:
Her cup is heavenly sweet undasht with gall.

2.

Y blest with her with slow and secret tread
I wander loitering in the arched Grove
Fancy's gay dreams aye dancing round my head.
There jolly Elves at Midnight nimbly move
Their dainty feet: and Shades of mighty Dead
Glide pale athwart my path!—such Scenes the
MUSES love!

QUATUORZAIN.

CXXXIII.

COLERIDGE.

(XIII.)

TO FAYETTE.

ELEGIAC.

AS when far off the warbled Strains are heard
That soar on Morning's Wing the Vales among,
Within his Cage the' imprison'd matin Bird
Swells the full Chorus with a generous Song:

2.

He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
No Father's Joy, no Lover's Bliss he shares,
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight;—
His Fellows Freedom soothes the Captive's cares.

3.

Thou, FAYETTE, who didst wake, with startling voice,
Life's better Sun from that long wintry Night,
Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice;
And mock, with raptures high, the Dungeon's might:
For lo, the Morning struggles into Day,
And Slavery's Spectres shrink, and vanish from the ray.

SONNET.

CXXXIV.

FROM THE ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY.

SOUTHEY.

TO THE LARK.

O THOU sweet Lark, that in the Heaven so high
Twinklest thy Wings and singest merrily,
I watch thee soaring with no mean delight !
And when at last I turn mine aching eye
That lags, how far below thy lofty flight,
Still silently receive thy melody :
O thou sweet Lark, that I had wings like thee* !
Not for the joy it were in yon blue light
Upward to plunge and from my heavenly height
Gaze on the creeping multitude below :
But that I soon would wing my eager flight
To that lov'd Place where Fancy even now
Has fled ; and Hope looks onward with a tear,
Counting the weary hours that keep her here.

* In this beautiful Sonnet a corresponding rhyme is wanting to the 7th line. This might be remedied by reading "so free" in the first line. C. L.

OCTAVE GILCHRIST.

TO HOPE.

ELEGIAC.

HOPE, cease my aching Temples to adorn
With Garlands wreath'd of every flower that blows:
Too well I know beneath thy sweetest Rose
Severe Repentance points her sharpest thorn.

2.

Though once, in early Life's far happier Days,
Thy guileful promises I might believe,
Truth now her Mirror awefully displays;
Her sad realities must undeceive.—

3.

What though each Virtue met in MARY's heart
By Fancy painted in Hope's fictive loom:
From Pleasures known reluctantly we part—
Their loss but thickens Disappointment's gloom.
Still Memory to thee in grief repairs:
Source of each joy; sweet Soother of my Cares!

SONNET.

CXXXVI.

ANNE BANNERMAN

FROM WERTER.

(III.)

WHERE is that Sentiment which warm'd my breast?
That pour'd around me torrents of delight;
That brought all Paradise before my sight,
And wrapt my Soul in Visions of the Blest!
How often has the wandering Sea-Bird's flight
Across the vast immeasurable Deep
Borne my free spirit in it's rapid sweep
Through living Waters and immortal Light

2.

To taste Beatitude where raptures flow!
O, how this Heart is chang'd!—For blissful dreams
Of Life eternal, dim before me gleams
The deep and fathomless Abyss of Woe
Where hurried headlong through the blackening Wave,
Or dasht upon the Rocks, I soon must find my Grave.

SONNET.

CXXXVII.

ON
THE DEATH

OF VICE-ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT NELSON:
IN THE BATTLE OFF TRAFALGAR,
NEAR CADIZ,
AGAINST THE COMBINED FLEET OF FRANCE AND SPAIN.
XXI OCT: MDCCCV.

NELSON! the Verse that hopes to give Thee Praise
Might aim to add new Lustre to the Sun:
Yet thy sublime Career of Glory run
Demands, that POESY adorn her Lays
With thy heroic Name.—The proudest Days
Of BRITAIN ne'er, by her most favor'd Son,
View'd such progressive NAVAL Trophies won.
Through both the Hemispheres their Splendors blaze.

Thy Valour, Skill, and Conduct, Land as Main
Hath witnessd.—Wounds on Wounds, the most severe,
But prompted thee to wait a glorious Death;
More slight thine own, more feel for others Pain;
Benevolent, calm, happy, yield thy Breath,
The noblest Palm achiev'd which even Thou couldst
gain.

Bury, 13 Dec. 1805. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CXXXVIII.

BY

SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH:

ON THE FAERIE QUEENE.

ELEGIAC.

METHOUGHT I saw the Grave where LAURA lay,
Within the Temple where the Vestal Flame
Was wont to burn:—and passing by that Way
To see that buried dust of living Fame

2.

Whose Tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenlie I saw the FAERIE QUEENE:
Att whose approach the Soul of PETRARCH wept;
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene,

3.

For they this QUEENE attended. In whose steed
Oblivion laid him down on LAURA's herse:
Hereat the hardest Stones were seen to bleed,
And grones of buried Ghosts the Heaven did perse,
And HOMER's Spright did tremble all for grieve
And curst the' accesse of that celestial Thiefe.

QUATUORZAIN.

CXXXIX.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

THE FRAILTY OF LIFE AND HEALTH.

ELEGIAC.

AS when the Eve, with hanging clouds oercast
And envious of the calm departed Day,
Prepares the shower, and scarce suspends the blast
Already wing'd to urge it's direful way:

2.

Or when Youth's Summer prematurely fades,
That lately glow'd with fresh and vernal dies;
Like falling Leaves that wither in the glades,
While Frosts or pinch or chilling Winds arise:

3.

Not less Disease runs riot on the frame:
Attacks by slow and undermining stealth
The root whence vigor and enjoyment came,
And saps the fountain of Content and Health.
Ah, who 'd be anxious to survive the span
That Heaven has granted to the Life of Man!

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

INFLUENCE OF OBJECTS

CHANGES WITH THE INTERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

ELEGIAC.

IN wonted Walks since wonted Fancies change
Some Cause there is which of strange cause doth rise:
For in each thing whereto my eye doth range
Part of my pain, me seems, engraved lies.

2.

The *Rocks*, which were of constant Mind the mark,
In climbing steep now hard refusal show;
The shading *Woods* seem now my Sun to dark;
And stately *Hills* disdain to look so low.

3.

The restful *Caves* now restless Visions give;
In *Dales* I see each way a hard ascent:
Like late mown *Meads* late cut from Joy I live;
Alas, sweet *Brooks* do in my tears augment:
Rocks, Woods, Hills, Caves, Dales, Meads, Brooks,
answer me*:
Infected Minds infect each thing they see.

VOL. III. ED. MDCCXXIV. p. 149.

* Probably with allusion to this *Recapitulation* of CLAUDIO TOLOMEI "*Fior, Frond', Herb', Aria, Antr' Ond', Arm', Arch', Ombr', Aura,*" or to PETRARCA, CCLXIII.

SONNET.

CXLI.

THOMAS NOBLE.

ORIGIN OF THE SONNET.

SOFT sounding SONNET!—Thee the Muse bestow'd
On the short moments of some Slave's Repose;
To the returning murmur of whose woes
Thy still returning rhyme congenial flow'd:
Ne'er through his measur'd hour the varying Ode
Or stately Epic's lowering Form arose;
Toil taught his thoughts thy regulated close,
As the swift Sand-Glass bade resume his load.

2.

Thy Form succinct with sigh-resembling sound
Of broken numbers did the winged Boy
Of VENUS learn delighted:—for he found
Of short complaint, and, ah, far shorter joy,
Thee so expressive that he gently bound
The vanquisht PETRARCH to thy fond employ.

SONNET.

CXLII.

DANIEL:

FROM SPECIMENS
OF THE EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

FRAIL TYRANNY OF BEAUTY.

I ONCE may see when Years shall wreck my Wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire ;
And those bright rays which kindle all this fire
Shall fail in force; their working not so strong.
Then Beauty, now the burthen of my Song,
Whose glorious blaze the World doth so admire,
Must yield up all to Tyrant Time's desire :
Then fade those Flowers that deckt her pride so long.

2.

When if She grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-witherd hue,
Go you, my Verse, go, tell her what She was;
For what She was She best shall find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her Glory pass:
But, Phoenix like, shall make her live anew.

DRAYTON.

FROM THE SAME.

LOVE RENOUNC'D AND REINVITED.

SINCE there 's no help, come, let us kiss and part.

Nay, I have done: you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart
That thus so clearly I myself can free.

2.

Shake hands for ever; cancel all our vows:

And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former Love retain.

3.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,

When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From Death to Life thou mightst him yet recover.

SONETTO.

CXLIV.

DI PETRARCA.

(CCLXIII.)

A L' AMORE.

*AMOR, che meco al buon tempo te stavi
Fra queste rive à pensier' nostri amiche
E per saldar le region nostre antiche
Meço, e col fiume ragionando andavi
Fior, fronde, herbe, ombre, antri, onde aure suavi,
Valle chiuse, alte colle, e piagge aprich
Porto del amorose mie fatiche,
De le fortune mie tante e sì grave!*

2.

*O Vaghi habitator' de' verdi boschi!
O Ninfe, e voi che 'l fresco herboso fondo
Del liquido Cristallo alberga e pasce
I miei dì fur sì chiari!.... hor son sì foschi:
Come Morte che 'l fu..... Così, nel Mondo,
Sua ventura ha ciascun dal dì che nasce.*

SONNET.

CXLV.

TRANSLATION.

TO LOVE.

LOVE, who long time with me content hast been,
Beside these banks so friendly to my thought,
And oer those Glens, which my new sighs first
caught,
Wanderedst with me and with that stream serene!
Soft breeze, flowers, leaf, cave, shade, and liquid
scene;
Close Valley; Hills and Plains with sun-beams
fraught;
Port of my amorous Cares so inly wrought!
O Habitants of that blest sylvan Green,

2.

O Nymphs, and ye whom the fresh mossy Bed
Of that fair crystal Lake fostering receives!
My days were once so clear!... now dark, and dead,
As She whose Loss oercasts them—thus deceives
The World whoe'er in wordly bliss believes!
Thus Destiny strikes the devoted Head!

29 Jan. 1804. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CXLVI.

LYRIC QUATUORZAIN.

BY

HERRICK.

AGE REVENGES ITSELF ON IT'S DESPISER.

AM I despised because you say,
And I believe, that I am gray!
Know, Lady, you have but your Day.
And Night will come, and Men will swear
Time hath spilt snow upon your hair.

2.

Then when in your glass you seek
And find no Rose-buds in your cheek,
No, nor the bed, to give you shew,
Where such a rare Carnation grew,
And such a smiling Tulip too.

3.

O then, too late in close your chamber keeping
It will be told
That you are old
By those true tears you're weeping.

COLERIDGE
TO
EDMUND BURKE.

AS late I lay in Slumber's shadowy Vale,
With wetted cheek and in a Mourner's guise
I saw the sainted Form of Freedom rise:
She spake: not sadder moans the' autumnal gale.

2.

" Great Son of Genius!—sweet to me thy Name
" Ere in an evil hour with alter'd voice
" Thou bad'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice
" Blasting with wizard spells my laurell'd Fame."

3.

Yet never, BURKE, thou drankst Corruption's bowl:
Thee stormy Pity, and the cherisht lure
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of Soul
Wilder'd with meteor Fires!—Ah, Spirit pure!
That Error's mist had left thy purged eye:
So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy!

QUATUORZAIN.

CXLVIII.

RHOMBOID QUATUORZAIN

BY

WITHER.

Thy leave,
My dying Song,
Yet take, ere Grief bereave,
The breath which I enjoy too long
Tell thou that Fair one this; my Soul prefers
Her Love above my Life: and that I died hers.
And let him be for evermore to her remembrance dear
Who lov'd the very thought of her while he remained here.
And now farewell, thou Place of my unhappy birth,
Where once I breath'd the sweetest air on earth
Since me my wonted joys forsake
And all my trust deceive,
Of all I take
My leave.

SONNET.

CXLIX.

TO
MISS SARAH WATSON FINCH.

ON THE COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY:

1 JAN. MDCCCL.

ANOTHER CENTURY unfolds its Roll!

Be it to Thee propitious!—And MANKIND!—

O may at length the harrassed Nations find
PEACE note the years on her fair silver scroll.

The past hath scarce suffic't the Fates to wind
Whate'er of Horror can o'erwhelm the Soul,
And with Destruction's Net surround the Whole.—
Of happier clue the opening Age be twined!—

2.

Ah, vain, presumptuous Wish!—still Pride will rage:

Rapacity still banish gentle PEACE.

Nor guilty Tyranny endure to cease
From hateful War;—Oppression's favorite Gage.
But Thou, that PEACE to a racked World unknown,
Ah, mild-eyed Wisdom, be it yet thine own.

C. L.

SONNET.

CL.

COLLIER.

FROM POEMS: MDCCC.

WITH envious stroke let Fortune still cut down
The sweetest hope the fondest Love can frame,
Constant in nought but her capricious frown:
Fortune may change; but DELIA is the same.

Let Absence, clad in darkest garb of Woe,
Press the torn Heart with woes it cannot name
While sad Remembrance doubles every blow:
Joy may be lost: but DELIA is the same.

Let fell Despair rush eager for its prize
And mark my bosom for its certain aim:
Firm and unconquered by the dart I rise;
Despair must fly while DELIA is the same.
Thus Love, through Fortune, Absence, and Despair
Assert thy power and guard a faithful Pair.

SONNET.

CLI.

TO
COLERIDGE *.

THOU who hast amply quaff'd the Muse's Rill,
And bathd thy Locks in pure poetic Dews,
Canst thou disparage the PETRARCAN Muse;
To her sweet Voice deaf, cold, fastidious still!
Examine if unprejudic'd the Will,
COLERIDGE *, which can to *her* high Praise refuse;
And of perverseness her fair Laws accuse
Which through the enchanted ear the bosom fill.

2.

Her various, cadenc'd, regularity
HE who o'er Epic heights hath soar'd sublime,
And magic SPENSER, lov'd. The mighty Dead
Have followers, haply to Posterity
Not unendear'd.—O scorn not these, who led
In many a graceful maze the full harmonious Rhime.

Cantabrigiæ:—6 Feb. 1804. C. L.

* Vide Preface to the 3d Edition of his Poems.

SONETTO.

CLII.

DI PETRARCA.

(CCXLII.)

*ALMA felice, che sovente torni
A consolar le mie notte dolenti
Con gli occhi tuoi che Morte non hà spenti
Ma sovra 'l mortal modo fatte adorni!
Quanto gradisco ch' i miei tristi giorni
A' rallegrar di tua vista consenti :
Così incommencio à ritrovar presenti
Le tue bellezze à suoi usati soggiorni.*

2.

*Là 've cantando andai de te molt 'anni ;
Hor, come vedi, vò di te piangendo :
Di te piangendo, no ; ma di miei danni.
Sol un riposo trovo in molti affanni
Che quando torni te conosco, e 'ntendo
A' l' andar, à la voce, al volto, à panni.*

QUATUORZAIN.

CLIII.

ANNE BANNERMAN.

TRANSLATION.

WHEN welcome slumber locks my torpid frame
I see thy Spirit in the midnight Dream ;
Thine eyes that still in living lustre beam :—
In all but frail Mortality the same.

2.

Ah then, from Earth and all it's sorrows free
Methinks I meet thee in each former scene :
Once the sweet shelter of a heart serene ;
Now vocal only while I weep for thee

3.

For Thee !..... Ah, no.—From human Ills secure
Thy hallow'd Soul exults in endless day ;
Tis I who linger on the toilsome way :
No balm relieves the anguish I endure ;
Save the fond feeble hope that Thou art near
To soothe my Sufferings with an Angel's tear.

SONETTO.

CLIV.

FILICAJA.

LA PROVIDENZA.

*QUAL Madre i Figli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d' Amor si strugge à lor davante,
E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,
Uno tien su i ginocchi un sulle piante
E mentre agli atti, à i gemiti, all' aspetto,
Lor voglie intenda, sì diverse e tante,
A questo un guardo, à quei dispensa un detto,
E se ride, ò s' adira, e sempre amante.*

2.

*Tal per noi PROVIDENZA alta infinita
Veglia: e questi conforta, e quei provvede,
E tutti ascolta, e porge à tutti aita:
E se niega talhor grazia o mercede,
O niega sol perche à pregar ne invita;
O niegar finge, e nel niegar concede.*

SONNET.

CLV.

TRANSLATION.

(ANON.)

AS some fond Mother views her infant Race,
With tender Love o'erflowing while she sees;
She kisses one, one clasps in her embrace,
Her feet supporting one, and one her knees;
Then, as the winning gesture, speaking face,
Or plaintive cry, explain their different pleas,
A look, a word, She deals with various Grace,
And smiles or frowns as Love alone decrees.

2.

O'er Man, frail Kind, so PROVIDENCE Divine
Still watches:—hears, sustains, and succours all;
With equal eye beholding each that lives.
If Heaven denies, O let not Man repine!
Heaven but denies to quicken Duty's call;
Or feigning to deny, more largely gives.

CLVI.

MILTON.

(IX.)

TO A LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest Youth,
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green
And with those few art eminently seen
That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween
And at thy growing virtues fret with spleen
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth*.

2.

Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with Deeds of Light
And Hope that reaps not Shame. Therefore be
sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom, with his feastful Friends,
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of Night
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin' wise and pure.

* After the *Italian* example MILTON makes the word rhyme to itself. "*Nobis non licet.*"

SONNET.

CLVII.

TO
MRS. BARBAULD,

BY
J. AIKIN*: M. D.
MARCH MDCCXC.

THUS speaks the MUSE and bends her brow severe:
‘ Did I LÆTITIA, lend my choicest Lays
‘ And crown thy youthful head with freshest Bays
‘ That all the expectance of the full grown Year
‘ Should lie inert and fruitless?—O reverse
‘ Those sacred Gifts whose Meed is deathless Praise;
‘ Whose potent Charm the enraptured Soul can raise
‘ Far from the vapors of this earthly Sphere !

2.

‘ Seize, seize the Lyre ; resume the lofty Strains
‘ Tis Time, tis Time.—Hark, how the Nations round
‘ With jocund Notes of Liberty resound,
‘ And thy own CORSICA has burst her chain !
‘ O let the Song to BRITAIN’s shores rebound,
‘ Where FREEDOM’s once lov’d Voice is heard, alas,
in vain !

SONETTO.

CLVIII.

DI

FRA GUITTONE D'AREZZO*.

<i>GRAN piacer, Signor mio, e gran desire</i>	D
<i>Avrei d' esser avanti al Divino Trono;</i>	F
<i>Dove si prendera Pace e Perdono</i>	E
<i>Di suo ben fatto & d' ogni suo fallire:</i>	D
<i>E gran piacer avrei or di sentire</i>	A
<i>Quella sonante tromba & quel gran suono</i>	B
<i>E d'udir dire, ' ora venuto sono</i>	C
<i>' A chi dar pace, à chi crudel' martire.'</i>	G

2.

<i>Questo tutto vorrei, caro Signore:</i>	B
<i>Perchè fia scritto à ciascedun, nel volto</i>	D
<i>Quel che gia tenne ascose dentro al core.</i>	E
<i>Allor vedrete al mia fronte avvolto</i>	A
<i>Un breve, che dira, che 'l'crudo Amore</i>	C
<i>Per voi m' ha prese, e mai non m' ha disciolto.</i>	G

* GUIDO, OR GUITTO, D'AREZZO was the FATHER of the ITALIAN SONNET, and of our Musical GAMUT: and of the HEXACHORD reviv'd, with its correspondent Notes, and our system of *solfaing*. I owe this admirable Sonnet to WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq., to whom the Lovers of *Italian Literature* are so highly indebted. GUIDO d'Arezzo flourisht about 1028.

TRANSLATION.

GREAT pleasure should I have and great desire
To be in presence of the eternal Throne
When peace and pardon shall to Man be known
To which his Errors and Good Works aspire:
Great pleasure should I have when awful Fire
And the last Trumpet of tremendous tone
Calls to the dead, ' Rise ye from dust and stone
' And sea :—I come with Mercy and with Ire.'

2.

For then wouldst Thou behold in every eye
What now conceal'd dwells in the inmost heart:
Then wouldst thou know what pure sincerity
I bear: and read a Note which should impart
From the clear front with what Affection I
Love thee, how dear thou wert, how dear to me
thou art.

8 Oct. 1805. C.L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CLX.

TO

SEMPRONIA.

BY

THE REV. SAMUEL HOOLE*.

QUATUORZAIN IN COUPLET.

WHILE Bards like me with feeble hand essay
To grasp the sickly laurels of a day,
Thine be the praise, all other praise above,
To shine the pattern of connubial Love :
The craving moan of hunger to appease ;
And smooth the brow of querulous disease ;
Led by those glorious Daughters of the Sky,
Firm Faith, bright Hope, eternal Charity.

2.

O learn, my Soul, to quench the ignoble flame
That idly burns for perishable Fame.
Be truly wise, and catch celestial Fire
Which not the Muses, but the Saints inspire :
To gain the wreath no Envy can deny ;
A wreath still fresh when earthly Glories die.

SONNET.

CLXI.

ON SEEING A WILD ROSE
BLOOMING FROM AN OLD STOCK ;
HALF WAY UP THE HILL
OF FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE.

Sola Vides supra Emicat, et jacinisse gaudet
Torrita Tertiarum sepulcra Quicquid caduco condidit omine
Non sola Virtus.—Casimbr.

SWEET Flowret!—fresh and unimpaired thy bloom!
Thou erst by Youth and Beauty oft carest,
Who to these Towers, amid their Pomp and Gloom,
Didst whisper,—‘ Rural Innocence how blest!’
These mouldering ivy walls, that time-struck Tomb,
Speak faintly now of all once held so Great!
To thy mild Loveliness indulgent Fate
Gives still renewing Youth, and pure Perfume.
Thus Art and Pride and Luxury and Hate,
War’s mountain cuirass, and his castled crest,
Sink into Dust!.....while that heaven-tinctured Vest,
Radiant from purest Beauty increate
Which nought but Peace and Goodness can assume
Beams of serenest Light unchang’d illumine.

15 Jul. 1801. C. L.

SONNET.

CLXII.

MRS. B. FINCH *.

TO THE DRYADS OF WINDSOR FOREST.

NYMPHS of the sylvan shade, may no rude Swain
With desolating axe your bower deform ;
Nor the wild fury of the wintry storm
Lay waste the honors of your green domain.

2.

Long may your monarch Oaks their branches spread ;
Your lofty Elms and verdant Beeches rise
To whose thick boughs the frightened Squirrel flies
And safe reposes in his leafy bed.

3.

Long may your Chesnut boughs with blossoms crown'd
Your Plane and Birch their graceful foliage wave ;
Your Aspens quiver to the summer air,
And Pines majestic shade the mossy ground :
While herds of spotted Deer wide scattered round
The fresh-sprung herbage crop, or through the vistas
bound.

SONNET.

CLXIII.

RECOLLECTIONS.

THANKS be to HEAVEN, though Error mix her thread
Twin'd with TRUTH's Woof of pure unsullied Snow,
That still the Visions of Enchantment glow
Which o'er the Loom Fancy's light finger spread.
Nor frowns the Texture harsh and dull as dead :
But as when Youth lively began to flow
My Nerves the tenderness of feeling know ;
Nor torpor oer my Sense or Thought is shed.

2.

Thanks, that e'en yet, as when to Being new,
The fragrance of the Breezes I inhale,
And quaff Delight from Melody and Song :
Beauty, in all her forms, enchanted view :
And my protracted Web of Life along
Find verdant Hope, bright Joy, mild Peace prevail.

21 Oct. 1805. C. L.

SONETTO.

CLXIV.

LORENZO DEI MEDICI.

6
OIME, che belle Lacrime fur' quelle
Che il nembo di Desio stillando mosse,
Quando il giusto Dolor che il cor percosse
Sali poi su l' amorse Stelle
Rigaron per le delicate pelle
Le bianche guanca dolcemente rosse,
Come chiar Rio faria che in prato fosse
Fior' bianche & rossi, le Lacrime belle.*

2.

*Lieto AMOR stava in l' amorosa pioggia.
Come Uccel dopo il Sol bramato tanto
Lieto receve ruggiudose stille
Poi piangendo in quelli occhi ove egli alloggia
Facea del bello & doloroso pianto
Visibilimente uscir dolce faville.*

* FROM ROSCOE'S LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

SONNET.

CLXV.

TRANSLATION.

ROSCOE.

AH, pearly Drops that pouring from those eyes
Spoke the dissolving cloud of soft Desire ;
What time cold Sorrow chill'd the genial Fire,
Struck the fair Urns and bade the Waters rise.
Soft down those cheeks, where native crimson vies
With ivory whiteness, see the crystals throng;
As some clear River winds it's stream along,
Bathing the Flowers of pale and purple dies.

2.

Whilst LOVE, rejoicing in the amorous shower,
Stands, like some Bird, that after sultry heat
Enjoys the Drops, and shakes his glittering Wings;
Then grasps his bolt; and conscious of his power
Midst those bright Orbs assumes his wonted seat,
And through the lucid shower his living lightning
flings.

SONNET.

CLXVI.

COWPER.

TRANSLATION.

"Giovane piano."—MILT.

(Vide CXXVIII, IX.)

ENAMOR'D, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To Thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my Heart:—which I have found
By certain proofs not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
When Tempest shakes the World, and fires the Sky,
It rests in adamant, self wrapt around :

2.

As safe from envy and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of Genius, and fixt Solitude,
Of the resounding Lyre and every Muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierc'd by Love's immedicable dart.

SONNET.

CLXVII.

ANON: b.

ON NIGHT.

NOW Night's dim hours a solemn silence keep:
Save that strange sounds the startled ear assail,
And waves slow broken by the feeble gale,
With plaintive murmurs dash the rocky steep;
Or watch-Dog starting from his broken sleep,
Bays the high Moon, whose circle mild and pale
Wrapt in a fleecy cloud's transparent veil
Pours a faint glimmer o'er the desert deep.

2.

The Soul collected, all her tumults cease;
Her only wish, the Day's vain business o'er,
To drown her cares in sweet forgetful peace.
He truly wretched who with troubled breast,
Doom'd the lone Night his sorrows to deplore,
Tastes not the balmy Gift of soothing Rest.

SONETTO.

CLXVIII.

DI SANNAZARIO.

*INTERDITTE Speranze, e van' Desio ;
Pensier' fallaci ; incerte e cieche Voglie ;
Lagrima triste, e voi, Sospir e Doglie ;—
Date omai pace al lasso viver mio.
E s' al mio mal non val forza d' oblio,
Ne per disdegno il nodo se discoglie,
Prenda Morte di me l' ultime Spoglie ;
Par ch' abbia fin mio stato acerbo e rio.*

2.

*Usin' le Stelle e 'l Ciel tutte lor prove ;
Che à quel ch' io sento mi paranno un giuoco ;
Da sì profonda parte il duol si move
Getta AMOR l' arco, e le saette, e' l foco ;
Drizza il tuò ingegno, e le tue forze, altrove,
Che nova piaga in me non ha più loco *.*

* Non habet ulterius jam nova plaga locum.

SONNET.

CLXIX.

TRANSLATION.

O INTERDICTED Hopes, and vain Desires;
Blind and unsteady Will; Thoughts falsely sweet;
Sighs, Tears, and Sorrows which my slumbers greet;
Give my tir'd Being respite from your Fire!
If to Oblivion I may not aspire,
Nor in a just Disdain Deliverance meet,
Take me, O Death, to thy secure Retreat;
Wisht and sole Refuge from LOVE's vengeful Ire!

2.

No:—let my Destiny exert it's power:
What *may be* to what is will seem a toy;
So deep hath sunk that still remembered hour.
LOVE, throw away thy Darts;—now to annoy
Vain:—o'er thy Bow and Flames my Sufferings tower:
No room for wound remains thine arrows to employ.

31 Mar. 1804. C. L.

SONNET.

CLXX.

SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

TRANSLATION.

"Se lamentar Augelli."

(Vide XL, I. CVII. CXVIII.)

THE Birds their melancholy Descants pour
Mid the green boughs to Summer's breath that wave;
The gurgling falls the pebbly margin lave
And with soft murmurs soothe the shadowy bower,
Where, sad and pensive, many a mournful hour
I write, and weep, and ponder on the Grave.
Here oft the Form of her whom Heaven once gave,
And now the Tomb's insatiate jaws devour,

2.

As when alive, I see:—answering my sighs,
'Ah, why,' she pitying says, 'ah, why in vain
'Do tears incessant dim those sorrowing eyes!
'Suspend thy Grief;—no more for me complain:
'Though here on earth thou sawst Life's roses shade,
'That Form thou lovedst so well is now immortal made.'

SONNET.

CLXXI.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH*.

ON SEEING CHILDREN AT PLAY.

(XXXVII.)

SIGHING I see yon little Troop at play

By Sorrow yet untoucht, unhurt by Care :

While free and sportive they enjoy to-day;

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

O happy Age! when Hope's unclouded ray

Lights their green path and prompts their simple
mirth

Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay

To wound the wretched pilgrims of the Earth,

Making them rue the hour that gave them birth

And threw them on a World so full of pain

Where prosperous Folly treads on patient Worth

And to deaf Pride Misfortune pleads in vain.

Ah, for their future Fate how many fears

Oppress my Heart, and fill my eyes with tears !

* Vide XLIV.

SONETTO.

CLXXII.

DI PETRARCA.

(CCLXXX.)

<i>SENTO L'aura mia antica, e i dolci colli</i>	A
<i>Veggio apparir onde il bel Lume nacque</i>	B
<i>Che tenne gli occhi miei, mentr' al Ciel piacque,</i>	C
<i>Bramosi e lieti; hor li ten tristi e molli.</i>	D
<i>O caduche speranze; o pensier' folli!</i>	G
<i>Vedove l'herbe, e torbide son' l'acque;</i>	E
<i>E voto e freddo 'l nido en che ella giacque,</i>	F
<i>Nel qual io vivo e morto giacer volli.</i>	A

2.

<i>Sperando al fin delle soave piante</i>	F
<i>E da begli occhi suoi ch' 'l cor m' hanno arso</i>	D
<i>Reposo alcun delle fatiche tante.</i>	B
<i>Ho servito a Signor crudele e scarso</i>	G
<i>Ch' arsi quanto mio foco hebbi davante;</i>	E
<i>Hor vo piangendo 'l suo cenere spurso.</i>	A

SONNET.

CLXXIII.

SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

TRANSLATION*.

I SCENT the well known air :—and now appear
The verdant Hills where first those lights did rise
That fill'd, while it pleas'd Heaven, my dotting eyes
With Love and Joy ;—and now with many a tear.
Ye Scenes, how chang'd, that usd my Heart to chear !
The stream runs turbid, and the verdure dies ;
Dark is the room, where cold and vacant lies
The couch, once warm with all my Soul held dear !

2.

The allies green, where, with her youthful Band,
She sported, now return no cheerful sound ;
The flowery boughs that clasp'd the window round †
Aloft in air, by amorous Zephyrs fann'd,
Where like a radiant star She oft would stand,
Now trail their weeping blossoms on the ground.

* A translation of the Octave only, or major System, of this Sonnet.

† Here is the antient order of the double terzetto ; as in Dante. C. L.

SONNET:

CLXXIV.

ANON: *b.

(LIH.)

SEATS of my childhood!—Yon low Roofs impart
The memory of those days when pure from stain
I wander'd, careless, o'er your sylvan reign
A stranger yet to wild Ambition's smart,
To Love's incurable deep piercing dart,
Or Knowledge, Man's chief ornament and bane,
That gives to feel with keener sense of pain
The various pangs that wound the human heart.

2.

But most your scenes to warm remembrance raise
A Mother's tender looks, ere Age decayd
Her wither'd Form to Shades of Death consign'd,
In the first blossom of my vernal days;
The debt of filial Piety unpaid
That sweet employment to the virtuous Mind.

QUATUORZAIN.

CLXXV.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(xv.)

TRANSLATION.

*"Se lamentar Augelli."**

ELEGIAC.

WHERE the green leaves exclude the summer-beam
And softly bend as balmy breezes blow,
And where with liquid lapse the lucid stream
Across the fretted rock is heard to flow,

2.

Pensive I lay: when She whom Earth conceals
As if still living to my eye appears;
And pitying Heaven her angel Form reveals
To say, 'Unhappy PETRARCH, dry your tears.

3.

' Ah why, sad Lover, thus before your time
' In grief and sadness should your Life decay
' And, like a blighted flower, your manly prime
' In vain and hopeless sorrow fade away?
' Ah, yield not thus to culpable Despair
' But raise thine eyes to Heaven and think I wait thee
' there.'

* Vide XL, I. CVII. XVIII. LXX.

DI PETRARCA.

(LXX.)

*ERANO i Capei d' oro à l' aura sparse
 Che in mille dolci nodi gli avvolgea;
 E 'l vago lume oltra misura ardeu
 Di quei begli Occhi c' hor ne son si scarsi;
 E 'l viso di pietoso color farsi
 Non so se vero o falso mi pareva.
 I, che 'l esca amorosa al petto havea,
 Qual meraviglia se di subit' arsi?*

2.

*Non era l' andar suo cosa mortale,
 Ma d' angelica forma*; e le parole†
 Sonavan' altro che pur voce humana.
 Uno Spirito celeste, un vivo sole,
 Fu quel ch' i vidi: e se non fosse hor tale,
 PIAGGA per allentar l' arco non sana.*

* Et vera incessu patuit Dea.—ÆN.

† Namque haud tibi vultus
 Mortalis; nec vox hominem sonat.—ÆN.

QUATUORZAIN.

CLXXVII.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(XIV.)

TRANSLATION.

LOOSE to the Wind her golden Tresses stream'd,
Forming bright waves with amorous Zephyr's sighs,
And, though averted now her charming eyes
Then with warm Love and melting Pity beam'd.

2.

Was I deceiv'd? Ah, surely, Nymph divine,
That fine suffusion on thy cheek was Love;
What wonder then those beauteous tints should move,
Should fire, this Heart, this tender heart of mine?

3.

Thy soft melodious voice, thy air, thy shape,
Were of a Goddess; not a mortal Maid:
Yet though thy Charms, thy heavenly charms, should
fade,
My Heart, my tender Heart, could not escape;
Nor cure for me in time or change be found:
The Dart extracted does not heal the Wound.

QUATUORZAIN.

CLXXVIII.

SONNET FROM SHAKESPERE*.

ROMEO.

ELEGIAC.

AH, cease to bid me into exile fly!

Say shall I quit all that the World holds dear?

Rather, ah rather tell me I must die;

Must instant die:—for Death were mercy here.

2.

O were it but to see my JULIET given;

And here each reptile may my JULIET see!

Blest with her presence every spot were Heaven!

Without her, all the World were Hell to me.

3.

Ye Sages, skild the Wounds of Mind to heal,

Who to the bleeding heart and streaming eye

Preach patience of the Woes ye do not feel

Can Patience, say, a JULIET supply?

With Woes like mine like me you'd rend your hair

And seek in Death alone a refuge from Despair.

* Under the signature, "ALBERT."

The Author, the Rev. JOHN ARMSTRONG, who died young. C. L.

SONNET.

CLXXIX.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(XXXVI.)

ELEGIAC.

SHOULD the lone Wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest, for a moment of the sultry hours,
And though his path through thorns and roughness lay
Pluck the Wild-Rose or Woodbines gadding flowers,
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree
The sense of Sorrow he awhile may lose ;
So have I sought thy Flowers, fair POESY,
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows Life's unhappy Day ;
Dark with new clouds of Evil, yet to come :
Her Pencil sickening Fancy throws away ;
And wearied Hope reclines upon the Tomb,
And points my Wishes to that tranquil shore
Where the pale Spectre, Care, pursues no more *.

* This SONNET is said to have been the favorite with
Dr. WARTON. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CLXXX.

FROM SHAKESPERE*.

VIOLA.

ELEGIAC.

AH, how I mourn the doubly hapless Maid
The pangs of hopeless Passion doom'd to prove
By her own Heart,—too good, too soft,—betrayd;
Who can not hide, and dares not tell, her Love !

2.

Oft have I seen her - - - would you ask her Tale?
It was a blank.—Her Love she would not speak :
But like a Worm she let Concealment pale
Feed on the beauties of her damask cheek.

3.

Thought, slow consuming, preyd upon her Form ;
A green and yellow hue her charms o'ercast :
Like some fair Flower that sinks before the storm,
Cropt, in it's bloom, by the inconstant blast.
She stood like Patience, hopeless of relief,
Mute, sadly smiling, Monument of Grief†.

* Under the Signature "ALBERT."

† Perhaps better thus:

Mute, sadly smiling at the Torturer Grief. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CLXXXI.

SONNET FROM SHAKESPERE*.

JULIET.

ELEGIAC.

HARK, ROMEO, hark!—O, for a Falconer's skill
This tassel-gentle back again to claim!
But Bondage bids, alas, my tongue be still;
Else would I weary Echo with his name.

2.

Thou com'est:—but must no longer tarry here.
Tis morn; and why I call'd thee I've forgot;
And shouldst thou stay, thy presence is so dear
'Twould all remembrance from my bosom blot.

3.

I'd have thee go.....And yet,—so much I love,—
No farther than a Bird in silken chain;
Whom it's fond Mistress scarce allows to rove
Then instant pulls it to her hand again.
Good Night, good Night!— — — parting is such sweet
sorrow
That I shall say, Good Night, 'till it be morrow.

Under the Signature of "ALBERT."—Anno 1791.
Publ. by DEBRETT.

SONETTO.

CLXXXII.

DI PETRARCA.

SONETTO ELEGIACO *.

(CCLXX.)

*ZEFIRO torna; e 'l bel tempo ramena
E i fiori, e 'l herbe, sua dolce famiglia;
E garvir PROGNE, e pianger PHILOMENA—
E Primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e 'l Ciel si rasserenà:
Giove s' allegra di mirar sua Figlia*.
L' Aria, e l' Accqua, e la Terra e d' Amor piena.:
Ogni Animal d' amor si reconsiglia.*

2.

*Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piu gravi
Sospiri, che nel cor profondo tragge
Quella, che al Ciel se ne portò le chiavi.
E cantar Augelletti, e fiorir Piagge,
E en belle DONNE honeste atti sùavi,
Sono un Deserto, e Fere aspre & selvagge.*

* VENERE.

SONNET.

CLXXXIII.

ANON. *a.

TRANSLATION.

ELEGIAC.

ZEPHYR returns ; and the glad Hours leads on
And flowers and fruits, his lovely family:
PROGNE gins prate and PHILOMEL to moan,
And SPRING with gay and varied livery.
The Meadows laugh, the Sky serene is grown;
His Daughter JOVE with joy exults to see:
Oer Earth, Sea, Air, LOVE's influence is shewn;
All Animals again to love agree.

2.

But to me, wretch, returning Seasons bear
More deep-drawn sighs to Heaven for *Her* who fled
And of my heart the keys keeps with her there
And Birds that sing and Plains that flowery spread,
And modest manners sweet of LADIES fair
A Desert seem, and savage Beasts and dread.

Seasons return: but not to me returns
Day MILTON.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THE SHIPWRECK.

* HEPTATONE.

TIS solemn Midnight!—On this lonely Steep
Beneath this Watch-Tower's desolated Wall
Where mystic shapes the wanderer appall
I rest: and view below the desert deep
As through tempestuous clouds the Moon's cold
light
Gleams on the wave. Viewless, the Winds of Night
With loud mysterious force the billows sweep

2.

And sullen roar the Surges far below.
In the still pauses of the gust I hear
The Voice of Spirits, rising, sweet and slow,
And oft among the clouds their Forms appear.
But hark! what shriek of Death comes in the gale!
And in the distant ray what glimmering sail
Bends in the Storm?—Now sinks the Note of Fear.

FROM THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

SONNET.

CLXXXV.

ANON: a.*

TRANSLATION.

" Ne per sereno Ciel."

(Vide VIII. XCIII.)

NOR Stars, through Heavens gray vault that twinkle
clear,

Nor Barks swift gliding through the level Main,
Nor through thick Woods the gay and bounding Deer;
Nor Tidings glad when first they strike the ear;

Nor loftier Notes to pour of Love's soft reign;

Nor beauteous Dames that tune their happier Strain
In verdant meads, or some pure fountain near;—

2.

Nor these nor aught beside can touch my heart

So deep *She* buried it and with her bore

Who light and mirror of my eyes had been.

Now do I even wish from Life to part,

Life so long loath'd by me; who pant once more

To see her whom 'twere best I ne'er had seen.

SONNET.

CLXXXVI.

DAVENPORT*.

TO THE BIRDS.

SWEET Birds, who dwell beneath this Grove's thick
shade,

I come, depresst and weigh'd to earth by wrong,
Unheard by all the sickening soul-less throng,
To mourn vain hopes, and Love but ill repaid.
Blithe Minstrels, now no guileful feet invade
Your haunts:—then fly not as I rove along;
But rather kindly strive with charming Song
To give my throbbing heart some little aid.

2.

Sing on, sweet Birds; nor fear from me annoy!
Your nests I harm not, nor your offspring steal;
Not mine the gloomy pleasure to destroy.
He who by chance of giddy Fortune's wheel
Has seen himself of many a cherisht joy
Rudely bereft, for all that lives can feel.

* From PETRARCA: a Selection of Sonnets.

SONNET.

CLXXXVII.

CROWE*.

O, FOR that Shell whose melancholy sound,
Heard in VALCLUSA by the lucid stream
Of laurel-shaded Sorga, spread the theme,
Fair LAURA and her scorn, to all around
High built AVIGNON, and the rocky mound
That banks the impetuous Rhone: and like a steam
From some rich incense rising, to the extreme
Of desolate Hesperia did rebound,

2.

And gently wak'd the MUSES!—So might I
Studious of song like Thee, and ah, too like
In sad complaint of ill requited Love
So might I, hopeless now, have power to strike
Such Notes as Lovers tears should sanctify
And cold Fidele's melting sighs approve.

* FROM THE SAME.

SONNET.

CLXXXVIII.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

TO SIMPLICITY.

NYMPH of the Desert! on this lonely shore,
SIMPLICITY, thy Blessings still are mine:
And all Thou canst not give I pleas'd resign * ;
For all beside can sooth my Soul no more.
I ask no lavish heaps to swell my store,
And purchase pleasures far remote from thine.
Ye joys for which the race of Europe pine
Ah, not for me your studied grandeur pour !

2.

Let me, where yon tall Cliffs are rudely pil'd,
Where towers the Palm amidst the mountain trees,
Where, pendent from the steepe, with graces wild
The blue Liana floats upon the breeze
Still haunt those bold recesses, Nature's Child,
Where thy majestic Charms my Spirit seize.

* A slight Transposition would improve this—pleased
I resign. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CLXXXIX.

RUSSELL.

ELEGIAC.

WHAT though, VALCLUSA, the fond Bard be fled
That wooed his Fair in thy sequesterd Bowers,
Long lov'd her living, long bewail'd her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers:

2.

What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to Love belong,
As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charm'd wild ECHO with his plaintive Song,

3.

Yet still, enamor'd of the tender Tale,
Pale PASSION haunts thy Groves romantic Gloom;
Soft Music seems to breathe in every gale;
Unfaded still the fairy garlands bloom:
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant Vale,
And PETRARCH's Genius weeps o'er LAURA's Tomb.

SONNET.

CXC.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

TO THE TORRID ZONE.

PATH-WAY of Light ! o'er thy empurpled Zone
With lavish charms perennial Summer strays,
Soft mid thy spicy Groves the Zephyr plays
While far around the rich perfumes are thrown !
The Amadavid Bird for thee alone
Spreads his gay plumes that catch thy vivid rays :
For thee the Gems with liquid lustre blaze :
And Nature's various wealth is all thine own !

2.

But ah, not thine is Twilight's doubtful gloom ;
Those mild gradations mingling Day with Night !
Here instant darkness shrouds thy genial bloom ;
Nor leaves my pensive Soul that lingering Light
When musing Memory would each trace resume
Of fading Pleasures in successive flight.

BONNET.

CXCI.

MRS. WEST.

SPRING RETURNING; SOCIETY REGRETTED.

THE frost of Winter nipt the tender Rose
Yet spar'd the germ of Being. Here again
The silver Aspen and the leafy Plane
O'er-hang the Woodbine; who around them throws
Her honied tendrils:—mild the Zephyr blows,
The Ring-Dove murmurs; and I hear thy strain
Most tuneful Nightingale; while Cynthia's train
Seem from their spheres to listen to my woes.

2.

Are not the Flowers as fresh, the Trees as green,
As sweet the Buds, as bright the starry Host?
Yet Pleasure flies the once attractive Scene;
And leaves me, sorrowing o'er a treasure lost.
O, what can fill the heart-oppressive Void
Of dear colloquial Bliss here once enjoy'd!

SONETTO.

CXCII.

DI

GIOOANNI DELLA CASA.

*OH SONNO, oh della cheta, umida, ombrosa
Notte placido Figlio; oh, de' mortali
Egri conforto; obbligo dolce de' mali
Si gravi, onde è la Vita aspra e noiosa;
Soccorre à core omai; che langue, e posa
Non have: e questi membra, stanche & frali,
Solleva:—à me ten 'vola, O Sonno, e l' ali
Tue brune sovra me distendi & posa.*

2.

*Ove è il Silentio, che il dì fugge e 'l lume?
E i lievi sogni che con non secure
Vestigia di sequirte han per costume?
Lasso, che 'in van te chiamo; e queste oscure
E gelide ombre in van lusingo.—O piume
D' asprezza colme!....O Notti, acerbe & dure.*

SONNET.

CXCIII.

TRANSLATION.

BY MISS MATILDA BETHAM*.

ELEGIAC.

SON of the silent, dark, and humid Night,
Consoler of the wretched; by whose sway
The gloomy train of Ills are put to flight
That blacken Life's uncertain tedious Day

O succour now this restless pining heart!
Give to these feeble weary limbs repose
Fly to me, SLEEP; come, wheresoe'er thou art,
Over my couch thy dusky plumes disclose!

O where is Silence, who avoids the Light
Where the wild dreams that flutter in thy train!
Alas! in vain I call thee, cruel Night;
And flatter those insensate shades in vain.
And O, unless thy chearing dew^s are shed,
How full of hardships is the downy Bed!

* ELEGIES and other SMALL POEMS, 1797.

I have ventured a slight change in this beautiful Translation. C.L.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

EXPRESSION.

EXPRESSION, Child of Soul, I fondly trace
Thy strong enchantments when the Poet's Lyre
The Painter's Pencil, catch thy sacred fire
And Beauty wakes for thee her touching grace.—

2.

But from this frightened glance thy Form avert
When Horrors check thy tear, thy struggling sigh;
When Frenzy rolls in thy empassion'd eye,
Or Guilt sits heavy on thy laboring heart

3.

Nor ever let my shuddering Fancy hear
The wasting groan or view the pallid look
Of Him the Muses lov'd :—when Hope forsook
His Spirit, vainly to the Muses dear.
For charm'd with heavenly Song this bleeding breast,
Mourns that the Power of Verse could give Despair
no rest.

QUATUORZAIN.

CXCV.

HUNT.

LOVE, IT'S CHARMS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER.

ELEGIAC.

SWEET are the breezes that the lovely Morn
Scatters around the glories of her Way :
Sweet are the sober tints that Eve adorn ;
And sweet the radiance of the Noon-tide Day :

2.

But ah, how sweet is LOVE's enraptur'd sigh !
How sweet the modest blush that dyes his cheek !
How sweet the glancing splendors of his eye ;
Splendors that warm, and splendors that can speak.

3.

Mild as the air that breathes the vernal shower
Is the soft whisper of the vow of Love ;
Soft as the shadows of the floating hour ,
Soft as the pearly dew that decks the grove.
And, fair Eliza, if that Love has power,
These heavenly pleasures shall our bosoms prove.

CXCVI.

BOWLES*.

(XXIX.)

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM BENWELL.

THOU camest with kind looks when on the brink
Almost of Death I strove: and with mild voice
Didst soothe me; bidding my poor Heart rejoice
Though smitten sore.—O, I did little think

2.

That thou, my Friend, wouldst the first victim fall
To the stern King of Terrors.—Thou didst fly
By Pity prompted, at the poor man's cry,
And soon thy-self wast stretcht beneath the pall,

3.

Livid Infection's prey.—The deep distress
Of Her, who best thy inmost bosom knew,
To whom thy Faith was vow'd, thy Soul was true,
What powers of faltering Language shall express?
As Friendship bids, I feebly breathe my own,
And sorrowing say, "Pure Spirit, thou art gone."

* SONNETS and other Poems, 8th Ed. Cadell, Davies,
&c. 1802.

QUATUORZAIN.

CXCVII.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TO FORTITUDE.

ELEGIAC.

(XXXV.)

NYMPH of the Rock, whose dauntless Spirit braves
The beating Storm and bitter Winds that howl
Round thy cold breast, and hearst the bursting Waves
And the deep Thunder with unshaken Soul !

2.

O come; and show how vain the Cares that press
On my weak bosom and how little worth
Is the false fleeting meteor, Happiness,
That still misleads the Wanderers of the Earth.

3.

Strengthen'd by thee, this Heart shall cease to melt
Oer Ills that poor Humanity must bear;
Nor Friends estrang'd, or ties dissolv'd, be felt
To leave regret and fruitless anguish there.
And when at length it heaves it's latest sigh
Thou and mild Hope shalt teach it how to die.

CXCVIII.

BOWLES.

AT DOVER CLIFFS

XX JUL. MDCCLXXXVII.

(IX.)

ON these white cliffs that calm above the Flood
Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely Wanderer has stood :

2.

And while the lifted murmur met his ear
And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To morrow ;—of the Friends he lov'd most dear :

3.

Of social scenes from which he wept to part.—
But if like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his Heart,
And brave the wild Winds and unhearing tide ;—
The World his Country*, and his GOD his Guide.

* Omne solum forti Patria est : and the two memorable
Lines of the Par. Lost.

The World was all before them ; where to chuse
Their Place of Rest : and Providence their Guide.

C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CXCIX.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(IV.)

TO THE MOON.

ELEGIAC.

QUEEN of the silver Bow, by thy pale beam
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.

2.

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast:
And oft I think,—fair Planet of the Night,—
That in thy Orb the wretched may have rest:

3.

The Sufferers of the Earth perhaps may go
—Releas'd by Death,—to thy benignant Sphere:
And the sad Children of Despair and Woe
Forget in thee their cup of Sorrow here.
O that I soon may reach thy World serene;
Poor wearied Pilgrim in this toiling scene!

SONNET.

CC.

**TO
THE VIOLET.**

ANON.

NOW Winter's dark and cheerless morns are past,
And Sol's warm renovating beams prevail,
As wandering o'er the Common's trackless Waste
To breathe the perfumes wafted on the gale
From golden furze-broom or the Primrose pale
I spy thy azure gems, so lowly spread
Beneath some lonely thorn, adown the dale,
Scarce rearing from the ground thy humble head:

2.

Methinks in thee his hapless Fate I view
Who, shrinking from the World's unfeeling gaze,
Seeks in obscurity to pass his days
And all unknown fair Nature's path pursue;
Till crusht by rude Misfortune, and depresst
By chilling penury, he sinks to rest.

QUATUORZAIN.

CCI.

THIRD CENTENARY.

IL SONETTO è ò parte, o specie della *Lirica Poesia*: onde
dubio alcuno non v'è che la sua *Compositione* tal hora
non possa esser grave & magnifica*.

TO A ROBIN.

WRITTEN IN THE SEVERE WINTER OF MDCCXCV.

ANON.

ELEGIAC.

POOR Wanderer! thou art welcome to this shed:
For thou hast borne the pitiless cold storm,
Felt the keen blast on thy defenceless head,
And hear'd Destruction threat thy gentle Form.

2.

What though the feeble wing now seeks it's rest
Where Sorrow's pallid Victim sinks supine;
One genial glow still lingers in this breast
To soothe the timid flutterings of thine.

3.

Perchance, that Sympathy may be as sweet
As what Festivity's gay Child could give;
Perchance, thou knowst no Mercy gilds his seat
Who never in the tempest knew to live.
Come then, mild Sufferer, my Companion be;
Life yet shall know one charm if I can bless e'en Thee.

* Tasso, 121, 2. T. II.

SONNET.

CCII.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(XXXIV.)

TO A FRIEND.

CHARM'D by thy suffrage shall I yet aspire,
All inauspicious as my Fate appears,
By troubles darken'd that increase with years,
To guide the crayon or to touch the Lyre?
Ah me! the sister Muses still require
A Spirit free from all intrusive fears:
Nor will they deign to wipe away the tears
Of vain regret that dim their sacred fire.

2.

But when thy envied sanction crowns my lays
A ray of pleasure lights my languid Mind:
For well I know the value of thy Praise;
And to how few the flattering boon confin'd,
That Thou, their highly favor'd brows to bind,
Wilt weave green Myrtle and unfading Bays.

QUATUORZAIN.

CCIII.

BY

MR. J. SHELLEY.

ON POPE'S WILLOW
CONVERTED TO AN URN*.

ELEGIAC.

WHAT Muse but mourns thy Fate?—What tuneful
Lyre,

In Notes melodious of poetic Woe,
Breathes not some portion of thy Patron's Fire
Pure Flame, ethereal, rarely known below!

2.

Perchance his Spirit, from the Realms of Light
Where Angel-Minds admire his lofty strains,
By sacred Memory led, with new Delight
Oft visits thee and Twickenham's favor'd Plains.

8.

But ah—no more thy drooping shade shall prove
A blest Elysium to his grateful Mind:
Hither no more shall kindred Spirits rove,
Charm'd by the warbling of his Song refin'd!
Yet e'en in Death thy hallow'd Urn shall raise
From every Poet's Lyre a burst of mournful Praise.
1802.

* Vide LXVII.

SONETTO.

CCIV.

PIERO D'I MEDICI*.

*SENDO io national e di te nato
Muovate, Patria, un poco il tuo Figliuolo:
Finge te al men pietosa del suo duolo;
Essendo in te nudrito ed allevato.
A ciascedun del nascimento il Fato;
Come 'l uccello il suo garrire e volo.
Scuse mi al men in cio non esser solo,
Benche solo al mio male io pur sia stato.*

2.

*E se puo nulla in te mio antico Affetto,
Per quella pieta ch' in te pur regna
Non mi sia questo dono da te disdetto
Ch' al men en ciner' nella Patria io venga
A riposar col Padre mio diletto
Chi gia te fa sì gloriosa e degna.*

* Figlio di LORENZO.

SONNET.

CCV.

TRANSLATION.

DERIV'D from thee, o FLORENCE, and thy Son
Be toucht, dear Land, a little for thy Child !
Seem to his woes compassionate and mild :
Since in thy Arms his Life was first begun
And cherisht. From our Birth our Fate must run
Assignd: as to the Bird his Wood-Notes wild,
And Flight!—but of whatever Hopes beguil'd,
In this one instance my Request be done :

2.

That not in Death, as in my Griefs, *alone*,
—However long estrang'd from thee I rove,—
Thee in my Ashes I may call my own,
Reposing by that Father whom I love,
By whom so high thy Fame and Worth have flown. .
Grant this sole Boon, whatever Thou remove.

25 April 1804. C. L.

SONNET.

CCVI.

TRANSLATION OF THE SAME.

BY

ROSCOE.

THY Offspring, FLORENCE*, nurtur'd at thy Breast
Ah, let me yet thy kind indulgence prove !
Or if Thou own no more a Parent's Love
Thy pity sure may soothe my woes to rest.
Fate marks to each his Lot: the same behest
That taught the Bird through fields of air to rove
And tunes his Song, my vital tissue wove
Of Grief and Care, with darkest hues imprest.

2.

But if my fondness scorn'd, my prayer denied,
Death only bring the period of my Woes,
Yet one dear Hope shall mitigate my doom :
If then my Father's name was once thy pride
Let my cold ashes find at last repose
Safe in the shelter of his honor'd Tomb.

* PIERRO DE' MEDICI was born at Florence, 15 Feb. 1471. He died in attempting to pass the Garigliano, after a Battle between the Spaniards and the French; in which the latter were defeated on whose side he fought. He had been 10 years in exile.

SONNET.

CCVII.

TO THE FAVORITE TERRIER*.

FOX, Thou with me ten Years this Day hast spent;
Years which to me have brought much joy, much pain
But when of Anguish most severe the reign
Thy mute Affection it's mild Comfort lent.
Thee to this sheltering Roof a Spirit sent
Kind to us both!—nought happens here in vain:
And Causes which our Thoughts can least explain,
Small in appearance, teem with great Event.

2.

The Day† which brought thee hither has to me
Been fraught with Cares and Blessings of high Cast:
May those Cares teach my Mind; those Blessings last!
And mayst thou long my walk's‡ Companion be!
Who in ten Years with me hast trackt a space
That might half Earth's Circumference embrace§.

Troston, 10 March 1806. C. L.

* Vide xxvii.

† — Lxxviii.

‡ This wish has been unavailing. On the 25th April, I lost this most sensible, affectionate, and constant companion; shot, or some way murther'd, I have little doubt, by some malignant and cruel villain. C. L.

§ On an Average, fox cannot have walkt less with me (studious and occupied though I am) than 10 or 12,000 Miles. C. L.

SONNET.

CCVIII.

PARK *.

TO
CHARLOTTE SMITH.

(VI.)

ELEGIAC.

TOO fond ENTHUSIAST of the twilight Bower
Who lov'st with lonely *Philomel* to plain,
With her, in melting melody, to pour
At once the saddest and the sweetest strain ;

2.

Still wont to sorrow 'neath the moon-beam pale:
Thy bosom presses, sure, no fancied thorn ;
Else thou couldst never breathe such piteous tale,
Else thou couldst never wear a look so lorn.

3.

Heart-stricken deeply by some barbed Grief,
Has Sympathy a balm for cureless Woe †
Haply this thought may minister relief,
If aught on earth a solace can bestow,
That generous, COWPER, Britain's tuneful Chief
With purest Friendship gives his Soul to glow †.

* Sonnets and other Small Poems. Sael, London, 1797.

† This becomes a Sonnet by the arrangement of it's
minor system. C. L.

BY
MRS. SEWELL :
FORMERLY MISS MARY YOUNG *.
TO MEEKNESS.

COME, gentle MEEKNESS, with thy timid eye,
Thy voice of Harmony, thy looks of Love,
Thy wings of plumage from the spotless Dove
And mantle blue from the ethereal Sky.

2.

Thy modest step, soft as the tender foot
Of soothing Mercy when she weeping stands
O'er the pale Sufferer's couch, and wrings her hands,
And forms some pious Prayer his griefs to suit.

3.

Come, heavenly MEEKNESS, with thy smile serene
Dispel the tumults of the raging breast:
Each savage Power shall fly the blessed scene
Where sweetly calm thy beauteous head shall rest :
E'en Christian Hope shall guard the spot divine,
And Earth's fair Paradise† shall still be thine.

* Daughter of the late Sir William Young, Bart.

† *Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.*

SONNET.

CCX.

MILTON.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

(X.)

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of ENGLAND's Councel, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both unstain'd with Gold or Fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest Victory
At *Cheronea*, fatal to Liberty,
Kill'd with report that Old Man eloquent* :

2.

Though later born than to have known the Days
Wherein your Father flourisht, yet by You,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
So well your Words his noble Vertues praise
That all both judge You to relate them true
And to possess them, honor'd *Margaret*.

* ISOCRATES.

CCXI.

MILTON.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED
TO THE CITY :

MDCXLII.

(VIII.)

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight of Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of Honor did thee ever please
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee: for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle Acts as these:
And he can spread thy Name o'er Land and Seas
Whatever clime the Sun's bright Circle warms.

2.

Lift not thy spear against the Muse's Bowre.
The great Emathian Conqueror bade spare
The house of PINDARUS when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground. And the repeated Air
Of sad Electra's* Poet had the powre
To save the Athenian Walls from ruine bare.

* EURIPIDES, the favourite poet of MILTON, v. Plut. in Lysandro. He says *ruine bare*, because the singing of a passage from the *Electra* of Eurip. prevented the utter destruction of the city, of which an odious proposal had been made. She is termed *sad Electra*, because her character is more pathetic in EURIPIDES than in SOPHOCLES. C. L.

SONETTO.

CCXII.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

CERCHI chi vuol le pompe e gli alti honori,
Le piazze, e tempîi, e gli edificîi magni,
Le delizie, il tesor, qual accompagni
Mille duri pensieri, mille dolori.
Un verde praticel pien de bei fiori,
Un rivolo che l'herba intorno bagni,
Un Augelletto che d' Amor si lagni
Acqueta multo meglio i nostri ardori.

2.

L' ombrose selve, i sassi, e gli alti monti,
Gli antri oscuri e le fere fuggitive,
Qualche leggiadra Ninfa paurosa—
Quivi vegg, io con pensier vaghi e pronti
Le belle luci come fossin vive:
Qui me le toglie hor una hor altra cosa.

SONNET.

CCXIII.

TRANSLATION.

ROSCOE,

SEEK hé who will in Grandeur to be blest :
Place in proud Halls and splendid Courts his joy;
For Pleasure or for Gold his arts employ,
While all his hours unnumber'd cares molest.
A little Field in native flowrets drest,
A Rivulet in soft murmurs gliding by,
A Bird, whose love-sick note salutes the sky,
With sweeter magic lull my cares to rest.

2.

And shadowy Woods, and Rocks, and towering Hills,
And Caves obscure, and Nature's free-born train,
And some lone Nymph that timorous speeds
along:
Each in my Mind some gentle thought instills
Of those bright eyes that absence shrouds in vain:
Ah, gentle thoughts! soon lost the City cares
among.

SONNET.

CCXIV.

S. WELLS.

ON AN UNHAPPY WOMAN OF PLEASURE.

PALE Roamer of the Mid-night hour! when blow
The cutting Winds and beats the pouring Rain,
Then I bethink on Thee and all the pain
You oft endure. 'Tis seldom thine to know
The look benignant: and but few bestow
The gentle smile which timely might restrain
Thy course licentious.—Thus from care and woe,
With insults vile, proceeds thy hard-earnt gain.

2.

Pale Roamer, when I view thy haggard look,
Thy blue and quivering lip and sunken eye;
Hear thee accost each Stranger passing by
In accents wild:—to him who thus forsook
Thee in the hour of need, my heart has turn'd
And with a curse his unknown form I've spurn'd.

SONNET.

CCXV.

ON LAUREL LEAVES SENT BY A LADY TO TROSTON
FROM MR. FOX'S CHAIR
WHEN REELECTED FOR WESTMINSTER
AFTER ACCEPTING THE OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.
MDCCCVI.

FOX's fresh LAURELS from AMELIA's Hand !
MUSIC o'er these should her blest Airs diffuse,
POESY feed them with immortal Dews,
FAME to the skies waft with ethereal Wand.
The Giver and the Gift such Meed demand.
These, late the Gaze of Myriads, scarcely views
An Eye :—yet not their Fate will they accuse ;
Who saw the WESTERN CITY's free Command

2.

Send FOX again their Rights to represent ;
Crown'd his high mission to the Parliament ;
Bade him BRITANNIA's Weal and Honor plan :
Sent (grant it Heaven !) in most auspicious Hour ;
By Office uneduc'd, unchang'd by Power ;
Who in the MINISTER retains the MAN.

25 Febr. 1806. C. L.

MRS. MONK*.

† (BLANK VERSE.)

TRANSLATION.

O SLEEP, thou gentle offspring of still Night!
Soft humid shades; sick mortals sweet repose;
Pleasing forgetfulness of all the ills
That human Life imbitter and perplex.
Aid now my Soul, that languishes and finds
No rest; and ease my weak and weary limbs;
Bend hitherward o Sleep, thy aery flight
And o'er me drop thy dark extended Wing.

2.

Where is that silence, shy of day and sun,
And those light Dreams that with uncertain steps
Wavering attend on the nocturnal Walks?
Alas, in vain I thee invoke; in vain
Court the cool sable shades. O restless Bed
Fill'd full of thorns! O racking dreadful Night!

* Daughter of Richard, Lord MOWBRAY OF IRELAND,
and Wife of GEORGE MONK, Esq.

† *O Sonno*, &c. CXCII.

SONNET.

CCXVII.

HAYLEY.

TO
PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

IN RETURN FOR HIS INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE
WITH FOREIGN ACADEMIES.

THANKS to the Friend of Universal Art;
Who shows me how a just and generous Mind
By boundless sympathy and zeal refin'd
May through the veins of Emulation dart
Supplies of vital fire: fresh hopes impart:
And in such ties the social Nations bind
That Commerce, with a smile divinely kind,
May bid new wonders into being start.

2.

Thou liberal Patriot!—lasting praise be thine:
Who for the Glory of thy native Land
Hast led her to achieve thy bright Design;
To teach the heart of Genius to expand,
And cherish Talents wheresoe'er they shine.
Science and Honor guide and bless thy hand!

SONETTO.

CCXVIII.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

LASSO à me, quand io son dove sù
 Quell' angelico altero & dolce volto
 Il freddo sangue intorno al core accolto
Lascia senza color la fuccia mia :
Poi mirando la sua mi par sì pia
 Ch' io prendo ardire, e torna il valor tolto
 AMOR ne raggi de begli occhi involto
Monstro al mio tristo cor la cieca via.

2.

E parlando li alhor, dice—" Io te giuro
 " Pel santo lume di questi occhi belli,
 " Del mio stral forza, & del mio regno honore,
" Ch' io sarò sempre teco : à te assicuro
 " Esser vera Pietà che monstrar quelli."
 Credoli, lasso ! e da me fugge il Core.

SONNET.

CCXIX.

TRANSLATION.

ROSCOE.

ALAS, for me! whene'er my footsteps trace
Those precincts where eternal Beauty reigns,
The sanguine current from a thousand veins
Flows round my Heart, and pallid grows my face.
But when I mark that smile of heavenly grace,
It's wonted power my drooping Soul regains;
While Love, that in her eyes his state maintains,
Points to my wandering heart it's resting place,

2.

And stooping from his beamy mansion swears,
"By all that forms my power, and points my dart,
"The living lustre of those radiant eyes,
"I still will guide thy way:—dismiss thy fears;
"True are those looks of Love"—my trusting Heart
Believes the insidious vow—and from me flies.

DE VOITURE.

*DES portes du Matin l'amante de Céphale
Ses Roses épandoit dans le milieu des airs,
Et jetoit sur les cieux nouvellement ouverts
Ses traits d'or et d'azur qu'en naissant elle étale :
Quand la Nymphé divine, à mon repos fatale,
Apparut, et brilla de tant d'attraits divers,
Qu'il sembloit qu'elle seule éclaireroit l'Univers,
Et remplissoit de feu la rive orientale.*

2.

*Le Soleil se hâtant, pour la gloire des cieux,
Vint opposer sa flamme à l'éclat de ses yeux ;
Et prit tous les rayons dont l'Olympe se dore :
L'Onde, la Terre, et l'Air s'allumèrent alentour :
Mais auprès de Phillis on le prit pour l'Aurore ;
Et l'on crut que Phillis étoit l'Astre du jour*.*

* Copied from the celebrated Epigram of PLATO imitated
by CICERO in that which begins

*"Constiteram exorientem Auroram forte salutans.
Quum subito à læva Roscius exoritur :
Pace mihi liceat, cœlestes, dicere vestrâ
Mortalis visus pulchrior esse Deo."*

SONNET.

CCXXI.

TRANSLATION.

I SAW AURORA from the East ascend
And to the Skies the roscate dawn unfold:
“ Arraying with reflected purple and gold
“ Those Clouds which on her Orient Car attend *.”
When her, from whom none can his Heart defend,
The Nymph divine, enraptur'd I behold;
And LOVE, in fond Imagination bold,
Thinks all those Splendors on her Charms depend.

2.

LOVE tells the SUN,—In vain thy Lustre vies
Contending with the radiance of her eyes:
Pour all those beams which make Olympus bright;
Sea, Earth, and Air fill with thy glorious rays:
But as the Dawn, when Thou art seen, decays,
So fadest Thou, before this fairer Light.

8 May 1804. C. L.

* MILTON. P. L.

SONNET.

CCXXII.

BY

GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND *.

AT HOOLY, APR. MDCCLXXXV.

HOW sweet the scene of this sequester'd Wood !
What time the vernal Sun, at early dawn,
Peeps o'er the summit of yon daisied lawn,
Or when he sinks beneath the western flood.
Pleasant the Vale where Care can ne'er intrude ;
Which, crown'd with pine-clad hill and bowery grove,
Veils the pure transports of connubial Love,
Free from the town and fashion's tumult rude.

2.

But sweeter far when such endearments kind,
Dear to the bosom of the wise and good,
Within a breast their due reception find,
Warm'd with the sacred flame of Gratitude.
With such this Heart shall never cease to glow,
While Memory paints the joys Palemon's shades
bestow.

SONNET.

CCXXXIII.

BY THE SAME.

TIS not in Hymen's gay propitious hour
With summer beams and genial breezes blest
That Man a Consort's worth approveth best:
Tis when the skies with gloomy tempests lour.
When Cares and Sorrows all their torrents pour
She clasps him closer to her hallow'd breast,
Pillows his head, and lays his heart to rest,
Drying her cheek from sympathetic Shower.

2.

Thus, when along Calabria's * sulph'rous coast,
While lurid clouds hang low, and heaves the Sea,
In dumb suspense, as one in horror lost,
Nature awaits some fell Catastrophe,*
The flight of selfish fowl no partner shares;
But faithful Turtles refuge seek in pairs.

* This seems to allude to an EARTHQUAKE in 1783; which desolated a Circle of Country on a radius of 60 miles including the northern part of the Island of Sicily.—The Mist accompanying that dreadful Commotion overspread this Island, Britain. For weeks the Sun appeared like a plate of dirty Brass: Such as is described by VIRGIL,

Quum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine tænt,
Impiaque æternam timerunt sæcula noctem.—Georg. I.

CANZONE.

CCXXIV.

DI PETRARCA.

CANZONE.

*LIBERTA', dolce & desiato Bene!,
Mal conosciuto à che talor nol perde:
 Quanto gradito al buon Mondo esser dei.
Per te la Vita vien fiorita e verde;
Per te stato gioioso mi mantiene,
 Ch' io mi fa somiglianti al alti Dei:
Senza te lungamente non vorrei
Ricchezze, onor, & cio ch' uom più desia;
Ma teco ogni tugurio acqueta l'alma*.*

* A fine Imitation of the admirable Hymn of ARISTOTLE to VIRTUE: Ἀρεῖα Πολυμωχε, and of another fine one to HEALTH, which it more closely resembles.—C. L.

SONNET.

CCXXV.

TRANSLATION.

LIBERTY, sweet and first wisht Gift of Heaven,
Ill known to those who never felt thy want,
How dear to Man should be that sacred Grant
2
To the good old World in crown of Blessings given!

Life's flowery verdure smiles serene and even
Beneath thy ray; and Earth's obscure Abodes
Seem like the untroubled Mansion of the Gods
In Dignity and Bliss;—so far are driven

2.

Torment and Dread by Thee!—Without thee, Wealth,
Pleasure, and Honor, all that we desire,
Boasts but a fleeting and precarious Fire;
But with Thee lives perennial Joy and Health.
How high soe'er tyrannic Pomp aspire,
Thou in a Cot canst raise the Spirit higher.

May 1804. C. L.

SONNET.

CCXXVIII.

ROSCOE.

NOT from the verdant Garden's cultur'd bound,
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic Gale
We sprung: but nurslings of the lonely Vale
'Midst Woods obscure and native gloom were found.
'Midst Woods and glooms whose tangled brakes around
Once Venus sorrowing trac'd, as all forlorn
She sought Adonis; when a lurking thorn
Deep on her foot imprest an impious wound.

2.

Then prone to Earth we bow'd our pallid Flowers
And caught the drops divine: the purple dyes
Tingeing the lustre of our native hue:
Nor summer Gales, nor art-conducted showers
Have nurs'd our slender forms; but Lovers' sighs
Have been our Gales, and Lovers' tears our Dew.

SOTHEBY.

(IN RONDEAU.)

I KNEW a gentle Maid. I ne'er shall view
Her like again. And yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I trac'd regardless by.
For pale her cheek unmarkt with roseate hue

2.

Nor beam'd from her mild eye a dazzling glance
Nor flasht her nameless graces on the sight:
Yet never Beauty wrought such pure delight
Fine was her Form as DIAN's in the Dance:

3.

Her voice was Music: in her silence dwelt
Expression: every look instinct* with thought:
Though oft her Mind by Youth to rapture wrought
Struck forth wild wit and fancies ever new
The lightest touch of Woe her Soul would melt.—
Thy like, Thou gentle Maid, I ne'er shall view!—

* This accent is Miltonian.

Instinct alike with multitude of eyes.

QUATUORZAIN.

CCXXX.

CHARLES LLOYD.

SWEET simple Stream !—the shallow waves that glide
In peaceful Murmurs o'er thy stony Bed,
Sweet simple Stream, the gleams of Eventide
That on thy Banks their mellowing colours shed,

2.

Befit the temper of my restless Mind.
For while I hear thy waves and see thy gleam
Of latest eve, afar from human Kind
To linger here, unknown, I fondly dream !

3.

I snatch my flute and breathe a soften'd lay;—
Then melting, view it as an only Friend !
And often wonder much, that while so gay
And all unthinking others onward bend,
I here should sadly linger, and rejoice
To hear a lone stream, or the Flute's soft voice*.

* This is exquisitely fit for Music.—C. L.

QUATUOREZAIN.

CCXXXI.

DI PETRARCA.

"Solo e pensoso."

(LXXXVI, 1.)

ALONE, and pensive, near some desert shore,
Far from the haunts of men I love to stray
And, cautiously, my distant path explore
Where never human footsteps markt the way.—

2.

Thus from the public gaze I strive to fly,
And to the winds alone my griefs impart;
While in my hollow cheek and haggard eye
Appears the fire that burns my inmost heart.

3.

But ah, in vain to distant scenes I go;
No solitude my troubled thoughts allays.
Methinks e'en things inanimate must know
The flame that on my soul in secret preys;
Whilst Love, unconquer'd, with resistless sway
Still hovers round my path, still meets me on my way.

J. B. T.

SONNET.

CCXXXII.)

MRS. MONK.

TRANSLATION.

"Solo e pensoso."

THOUGHTFUL, alone, through desert Wastes I stray.
Slow lingering steps pace out the measurd way.
With jealous fear around my eyes I cast
To shun the paths by human footsteps trac'd.

2.

Vain are all other coverts to conceal
From sight of Men the torments that I feel.
A lifeless figure and a joyless mien
Disclose the fire that smotherd burns within.

3.

The rocky hills, and streams that silent flow
The groves and dales are conscious of my woe
And only they the fatal secret know.
But to howe'er remote a part I rove
Or pathless hill, or waste or dale or grove
I'm still pursued by my companion, Love*.

* This also becomes a Sonnet by its *minor* System in *terzetta*.

QUATUORZAIN.

CCXXXIII.

COLLIER.

FROM ROUSSEAU *.

CHASTE Power of Love, whose steady Fires refine
The meaner dross of Man's corrupted Frame,
Each wandering wish in one fixt hope combine
Stamp'd with thy dread inviolable Name!

2.

To thy commands let sense the reins resign:
Or veil it's transports with thy decent shame,
Whose joys conceal'd with heighten'd lustre shine
As midnight Fires with double splendor flame.

3.

To those whose passions undetermin'd stray,
Intent alone on Pleasures worthless prey
Each Man is lovely, and each Woman fair:
True Love from all one only one selects;
That Idol high above all thought erects,
And sinks all others far beneath it's care.

* JULIE, Lett. 50.

SONNET.

CCXXXIV.

ERMINIA.

FROM TASSO. CANTO VII. 20.

*Serbate in voi
Questa dolente istoria, amiche Piantè*.*

TRANSLATION.

KIND Plants, my mournful History retain
Grav'd on your bark : that so, if to this Grove
E'er come the Votaries of happier Love
Their bosoms may be toucht with tender pain,
And think that I not without cause complain,
And while my woes they weep my Faith approve
Who against adverse Fates too fondly strove
And lov'd, though too assur'd I lov'd in vain.

2.

And thus, if Heaven to mortal Prayers benign
E'er listen'd to a Heart of truth sincere
He in whom now dwells little care of me,
When he my Grave, sole place of Rest, shall see
To unavailing Pity shall incline
Breathe some few sighs, and drop a lingering tear.

11 Aug. 1805. C. L.

* His sublime and disastrous passion for *Leonora d'Este* appears to have suggested to the Poet this exquisite passage.
C. L.

SONNET.

CCXXXV.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ON BEING DESIRED TO ATTEMPT WRITING
A COMEDY.

(XXIX.)

WOULDST thou then have *me* tempt the comic scene
Of gay THALIA? us'd so long to tread
The gloomy paths of Sorrow's cypress shade
And the lorn lay with sighs and tears to stain.
Alas, how much unfit her sprightly vein
Arduous to try—and seek the sunny mead
And bowers of Roses where She loves to lead
The sportive subjects of her golden reign.

2.

Enough for me if still, to soothe my days,
Her fair and pensive Sister condescend
With tearful smile to bless my simple lays;
Enough, if her soft notes She sometimes lend,
To gain for me of feeling hearts the praise;
And chiefly thine, my ever partial Friend.

SONNET*.

CCXXXVI.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

(IV.)

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE UNHAPPY POET
DERMODY.

LO, o'er the welkin the tempestuous Clouds
Successive fly; and the loud piping Wind
Rocks the poor Sea-boy on the dripping shrouds;
While the pale Pilot o'er the helm reclin'd

2.

Lists to the changeful Storm: and as he plies
His wakeful task he oft bethinks him sad
Of Wife, and little home, and chubby Lad:
And the half strangled tear bedews his eyes.

3.

I on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear Tempest and the yawning Deep:
Nought dreading in the green Sea's caves to sleep:
For not for me shall Wife or Children mourn;
And the wild Winds shall ring my funeral knell,
Sweetly as solemn sound of pious passing bell.

* In the Minor.

SONNET.

CCXXXVII.

TO

MR. G. HENDERSON.

ON HIS ANTHOLOGY; OR "SELECTION OF SONNETS."

WE, HENDERSON, a kindred aim pursue:
 Odorous Thyme from the Hill's purple side
 And glowing Pansies variegated Pride
Pale Primrose, Snowdrops, Violet's sadden'd hue
Narcissus, Myrtle, Roses, Harebell blue,
 With Amarant, and the fair Tamarisc tied
 In mystic fillets, lovelier thus allied,
Wreaths ever cherisht by Castalian dew,

2.

Culling: such as the MUSES love to wear
Twin'd in their flowing hyacinthine hair;
 Such as the GRACES by their Charms adorn:
Such as in loveliness beyond compare
On CYTHEREA's bosom heavenly air
 Imbibe, and beams from Beauty's radiant Morn.

• 14 Aug. 1805. C. L.

SONNET.

CCXXXVIII.

SEWARD.

(XVIII.)

AN EVENING:

IN NOVEMBER; IN A MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY.

CEAS'D is the Rain: but heavy drops yet fall
From the drencht roof: yet murmurs the sunk Wind
Round the dim hills; can yet a passage find
Whistling through yon cleft rock and ruin'd Wall.
The swoln and angry torrents heard appall
Though distant.—A few stars, emerging kind,
Shed their green trembling beams.—With lustre small
The Moon, her swiftly passing clouds behind,

2.

Glides o'er the shaded Hill.—Now blasts remove
The shadowing clouds, and on the mountain's brow
Full orb'd she shines.—Half sunk within it's cove
Heaves the lone boat with gulphing sound!—And lo
Bright rolls the settling lake, and brimming rove
The Vale's blue rills, and glitter as they flow.

SONNET.

CCXXXIX.

ON THE TASTE FOR DIFFERENT STRUCTURE
OF POETIC NUMBERS.

NOT every ear will the same Modes detain
Of POETRY or MUSIC. Some the FLUTE
Charms, simply tender, to attention mute :
Others enamor'd of the full-peal'd strain
Of power to vanquish Care, and Grief, and Pain,
Blest, as in Groves rich with immortal fruit
Elysian, to high thoughts and numbers suit
The ORGAN's awful Swell;—or hear the Train

2.

Of viewless Spirits, on the HARP when sings
A MELODY divine, and o'er the strings
Sweeping, the Soul of HARMONY descends.
Tis thus in POESY :—happy whose ear
It's various breathings with delight can hear :
Love and admire them all :—but not confus'dly blend.

14 Aug. 1805. C. L.

DI PETRARCA.

(CCLXII.)

*LEVOMMI il mio pensier in parte ov' era
Quella ch' io cerca & non ritrova in terra:
Ini fra lor che 'l tertio cercio serra
La rivedi più bella, & meno altera:
Per man' mi prese & disse—" In questa spera
Sara ancor meco, se 'l desir non erra:
I 'son colei che te diè tanta guerra
E compie mia giornata innanzi sera.*

2.

*Mio ben non cape in intelletto humano:
Te solo aspetto & quel che tanto amasti: *
E là giuso è rimasto il mio bel velo."
Deh perche tacque & allargò la mano:
Che al suon de detti sì pietosi & casti
Poco mancò ch' io non rimasi en Cielo.*

* Sennuccio.

ANNE BANNERMAN.

(IV.)

TRANSLATION.

ELEGIAC.

YES, mid the blissful Band, in yonder Skies
I see her lovely as in former days:
Soft Pity trembles in her humid eyes
And veils the lustre of the Seraphs blaze.

2.

Here too, She cries, when Life's rude blast is o'er,
If Virtue shrink not at the Syren's voice,
Here shalt thou rest with me, to part no more,
And in unsullied happiness rejoice.

3.

Rejoice?—And can the Soul immerst in clay
Conceive the raptures that inspire the blest?
“For thee I wait! Ah, though I fled away
Let heavenly Hope illumine thy darken'd breast.”
Why was She silent, when my soaring Soul
Already touch'd the' anticipated goal?

SONNET.

CCXLII.

TRANSLATION.

THITHER my thoughts rais'd me where She is plac'd
Whom still I seek nor here on earth can find:
And view'd her in that height celestial; kind
More than while here, with higher beauty grac'd.
She preest my hand. "In this pure Sphere is trac'd
"Thy destin'd mansion, if aright divin'd
"By me thy lot—early I left behind
"Thy suffering Spirit, and in Bliss effac'd

2.

"All other thought of Earth but care for thee.
"My happiness exceeds all human sense
"Though my fair mortal veil to dust is given.
"Thee I await, and whom thou lovedst, to see"
Why heard I her no more? Why fled she thence,
When rapt by her chaste words I nigh remain'd in
Heaven?

16 Aug. 1905. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CCKLIII.

ANNE BANNERMAN.

TRANSLATION.

"Sento L' aura mia antica & i dolce colli."

(CLXXII, III.)

ONCE more, ye balmy Gales, I feel you blow;
Again, sweet Hills, I mark the morning beams
Gild your green summits; while your silver streams
Through Vales of fragrance undulating flow.

2.

But You, ye dreams of Bliss, no longer here
Give life and beauty to the glowing scene:
For stern Remembrance stands where you have been,
And blasts the verdure of the blooming Year.

3.

O LAURA ! LAURA !—in the dust with thee
Would I could find a refuge from Despair !
Is this thy boasted Triumph, Love, to tear
A Heart thy coward malice dares not free;
And bid it live, while every hope is fled,
To weep, among the ashes of the DEAD ?

TRANSLATION.

FROM THE SAME SONNET.

I FEEL the well known Air.—I see appear
Those lovely hills whence my fair Day-Spring came
Which breath'd hope and delight through all my
frame;

And now has left me desolate and drear.

Vain hopes, fond thoughts!—no more my Heart's weak
ear

Rests on your flatteries: no more the same

The hills, the streams, which witness'd then my flame.
Her who illum'd them an untimely Bier

2.

Snatcht from the light;—Her, in whom erst I liv'd;

Her at whose Death I had been blest to die.

Lov'd pains! blest cares! And have ye thus deceiv'd

My wish!—O Love, is this thy Victory?

To quench that radiant torch which I believ'd

Immortal; on whose ashes dwells my eye.

C. L.

FROM CASIMIR.

(LYR. II. O. 3.)

*“ Sonora Buri Filia utilis
Pendebris altâ, Barbite, Populo,”*

MUSIC of Nature!—Emblem of each Sphere!

How sweetly tranquil does my pensive Soul
At coming Eve thy warbling numbers hear
When sooth'd to tenderness thy measures roll;

2.

Sometimes more loud, and now yet louder still;
Sometimes more distant, and again more near:
Waking soft Echoes, and with magic skill
Filling the eye with a luxurious tear

3.

Delightful flutterings!—hovering mid the Sky
Mildly reluctant; on wing'd pinions borne
To realms of Sylphs that on your murmurs fly,
And wak'd to melancholy feelings mourn.
Sweet pensive Melody; Ætherial Strain!
Ah, still aspire to soothe each rising pain!

ANON.

DEL TIBERIO PALELLO.

A M. ANTONIO ONGARO.

*NINFE, che i ricchi fonde d' ANFITRITE
In seggio avete, & i liquidi cristalli,
E per queste arenosi umidi calli
Cantar Timeta al par de' Cigni udite;
Voi che al Canto di lui sovente uscite
A guidar care danze & dolce balle,—
Di lapide, di perle, & di coralli
Fregio onorato alla sua chioma ordite.*

2.

*Trasse il dotto Licon le Muse pria
Di gioghi di Parnasso in queste sponde:
Dopo Licon, Berino ha il primo grido:
Sara Timeta il terzo; & per lui fia
Non men della Cita nobile il lido
Mentre avean' bianche spuma e pesce l'onde.*

SONNET.

CCXLVII.

TRANSLATION.

NYMPHS, who in AMPHITRITE's Caves reside
And grace the shelly Dome and coral maze ;
And who where'er the sand-girt current strays
Have heard the warblings of TIMETAS glide
Sweet as the Swan—by that melodious tide
Drawn from your Cells to listen to his lays
And in gay Dance, attun'd to his lov'd Praise
Sport, festive and enamour'd, by his side.

2.

Weave Coral, Pearl, and Opal, for his hair,
And radiant Amber, his resplendent Meed.
He honors you, neglect not you your Bard.
Lycon first made your Rocks the Muse's care :
Next, to your Caves, Berinus tun'd the Reed :
Nor while the sea-spray shines TIMETAS wants reward.

24 Aug. 1805. C. L.

QUATUORZAIN.

CCXLVIII.

BOWLES.

(II.)

AT

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy Towers that shade the wave-worn steep
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwind's sweep:

2.

For far from blazing Grandeur's crowded halls
Here Charity hath fixt her chosen seat;
Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round yon antient Walls.

3.

And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of Midnight, when the Moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the top-most tower
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him, cold and speechless, from the wave.

SONNET.

CCXLIX.

TO
JOHN CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.
ON HIS WORK ENTITLED,
"ENGLAND'S ÆGIS."

CARTWRIGHT, The ÆGIS heavenly WISDOM's Hand
To ALFRED gave, to JONES, and thence to THEE,
Would guard our Nation, calm and bold and free:
With this BRITANNIA on her open strand
Might front invading Myriads: EUROPE mann'd
Against her were avail-less, as the Sea
Against her awful Rocks. Her Liberty
Itself the Shield of her Defence should stand.

2.

Nor is there, but in LIBERTY, Defence
To last, or to be trusted. The Pretence
Of Armies paid to guard a trembling State
Fails in the Hour of Trial; or will fall
On whom it guards resistless:—Ere too late
BRITANNIA, trust thyself:—by ALL defending ALL.

15 Apr. 1806. C. L.

SONNET.

CCL.

**ON THE DEATH OF JAMES BARRY*,
THE EVER MEMORABLE PAINTER OF THE SERIES
REPRESENTING THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY,
IN THE ROOMS OF THE INSTITUTION OF ARTS,
TRADE, AND MANUFACTURES,
ADELPHI,
LONDON.**

**BARRY, thy Death appalls me.—Still there are
Who well can imitate the Form, the Face,
And what they see of Beauty and of Grace
Transfer to canvas with successful Care.
But who like thee, with Spirit free as Air
Happy those high ideal Charms to trace,
Those Forms divine which spring from the embrace
Of GENIUS pair'd with VIRTUE,—who shall dare,
Glancing through every Age and every Clime,
Ranging the empyrèan heights sublime
To paint the godlike Lineaments of Mind;
Of Poets, Heroes, Sages, Patriots, give,
That wondrous SERIES which must ever live,
Thine Art's true Glory, Lesson to Mankind.**

8 Apr. 1806. C. L.

*** 22 Feb. 1806. NT. LXIV.**

SONNET.

XXIV.

SEWARD.

(LVIL.)

WRITTEN THE NIGHT PRECEDING THE FUNERAL
OF MRS. CHARLES BUCKERIDGE.

IN the chill silence of the winter Eve
Through Lichfield's darken'd streets I bend my way
By that sad Mansion where NERINA's clay
Awaits the Morning Knell: and aw'd perceive
In the late bridal Chamber the clear ray
Of numerous Lights; while o'er the ceiling stray
Shadows of those who frequent pass beneath
Round the PALE DEAD!—What sounds my senses
grieve!

2.

For now the busy hammer's stroke appalls
That in "dread note of preparation" falls
Closing the sable lid!—With sighs I bear
Those solemn Warnings from the House of Woes;
Pondering how late, for young NERINA, there,
Joyous, the love-illumin'd Morn arose.

QUATUORZAIN.

LXXVI.

BY
MRS. OPIE,
DURING A WINTER STORM.
HEPTATONE.
ELEGIAC.

POWER of the awful WIND whose hollow blast
Hurls Desolation wide, thy sway I hail:
It o'er the Scene around can Beauties cast
Superior far to aught that Summer's Gale
Bids in the ripening Year to bloom awake.
To view thy majesty the chearful Tale,
The Dance, the festive Song, I pleas'd forsake,

2.

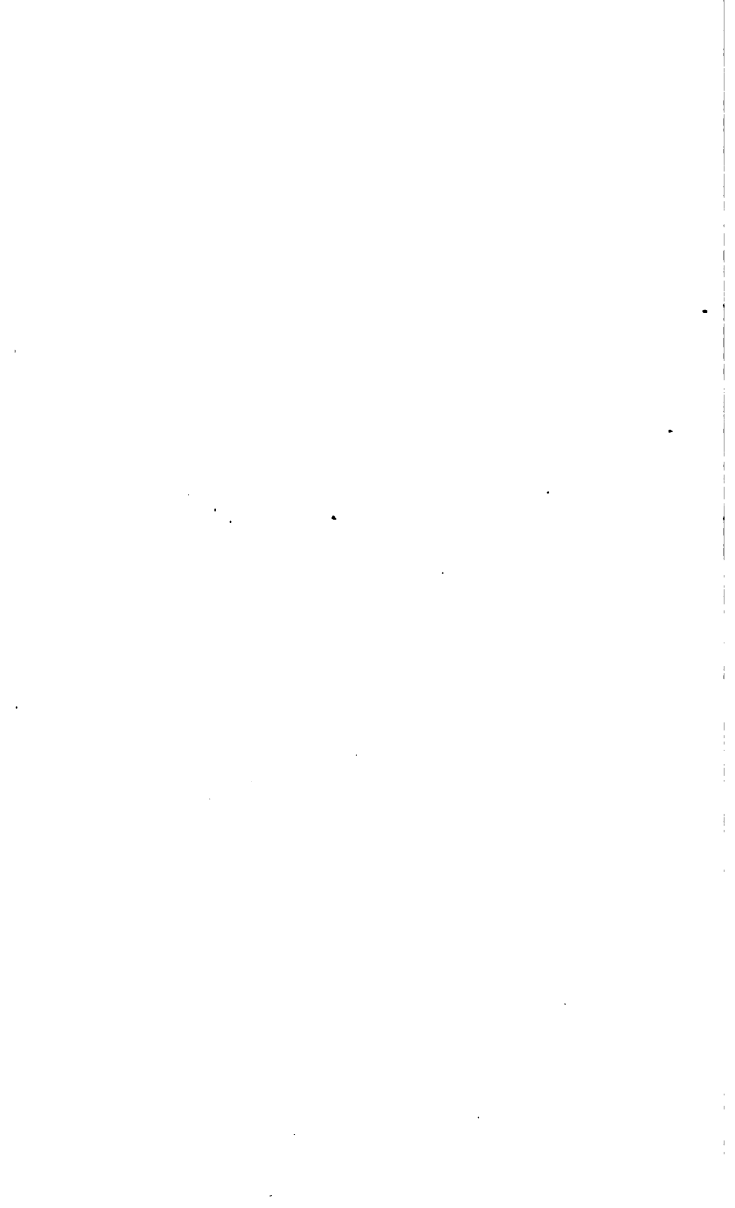
And through thy sparkling scenes I stray alone
Now the pale Regent of thy splendid Night
Decks with her yellow rays thy snowy throne.
Richly her beams on *Summer's* mantle light;
Richly they gild chill *Autumn's* tawny vest:
But ah, to me they shine more chastely bright
Spangling the icy robe that wraps thy Breast*.

* POEMS. p. 1. London. 1802.

*** It has been thought proper by Mr. Lofft to reprint these two Sonnets in order that the rhythmical arrangement of the verses may be correct. At the same time he has chosen that they should not be cancell'd in the places where they before stood: as this would have been prejudicial in the Binding, and is unnecessary.

END OF VOL. I.

R. TAYLOR and Co., *Printers,*
38, *Shoe Lane.*



—————*Ego, Apis Matinæ*
More, Modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma—————HOR.

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S. 249 C. L.
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TRANSLATIONS.

- QUI' REPOSAN.
1. HERE rest the chaste. S. 50
QUEL Rossignuol.
2. Sweetly as. S. 7 C. L.
Ne per sereno.
3. Nor splendid. S. 9 Ditto.
4. Nor silvery. S. 93 SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.
5. Nor Stars. S. 185 ANON.
GIUNTO Alessandro.
6. The Son of Philip. S. 11 C. L.

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DIODATI, *e te'l diro.*

7. DEODATE, I to thee. S. 35 C. L.

8. CHARLES must. S. 126 LANGHORNE.

MAI non fu'.

9. NEVER till now. S. 37 C. L.

ITE, Rime.

10. Go, melancholy Rhimes.

S. 39 S. W. L.

11. Go plaintive Strains. S. 95 SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

Se lamentar.

12. Where widow'd Birds. S.

41 S. W. L.

13. Mov'd by the Summer.

Q. 107 ANNE BANNERMAN.

14. Would the sweet. S. 118 LANGHORNE.

15. The Birds their melancholy. S.

170 SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

16. Where the green. Q. 175 MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SOLO & pensoso.

17. THOUGHTFUL, alone. S. 77 C. L.

18. ALONE and pensive. Q.

231 J. B. T.

19. THOUGHTFUL, alone. S.

232 MRS. MONK.

POMMI, ov' il sol.

20. PLACE me where herb. S.

81 C. L.

Se d' ICARO leggesti.

21. OFT have we heard Q. 125 HOOLE.

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AMOR, *che meco.*

24. LOVE, who long time. S.

145 C. L.

ALMA *felice.*

25. When welcome. Q. 153 ANN BANNERMAN.

QUAL *Madre.*

26. As some fond. S. 155 ANON.

GRAN *Piacer, Signor.*

27. GREAT Pleasure. S. 159 C. L.

Oime, *che belle.*

28. AH pearly Drops. S. 165 ROSCOE.

INTERDITTE *Speranze.*

29. O Interdicted Hope. S.

169 C. L.

SENTO *L'Aura mia.*

30. I scent the well known

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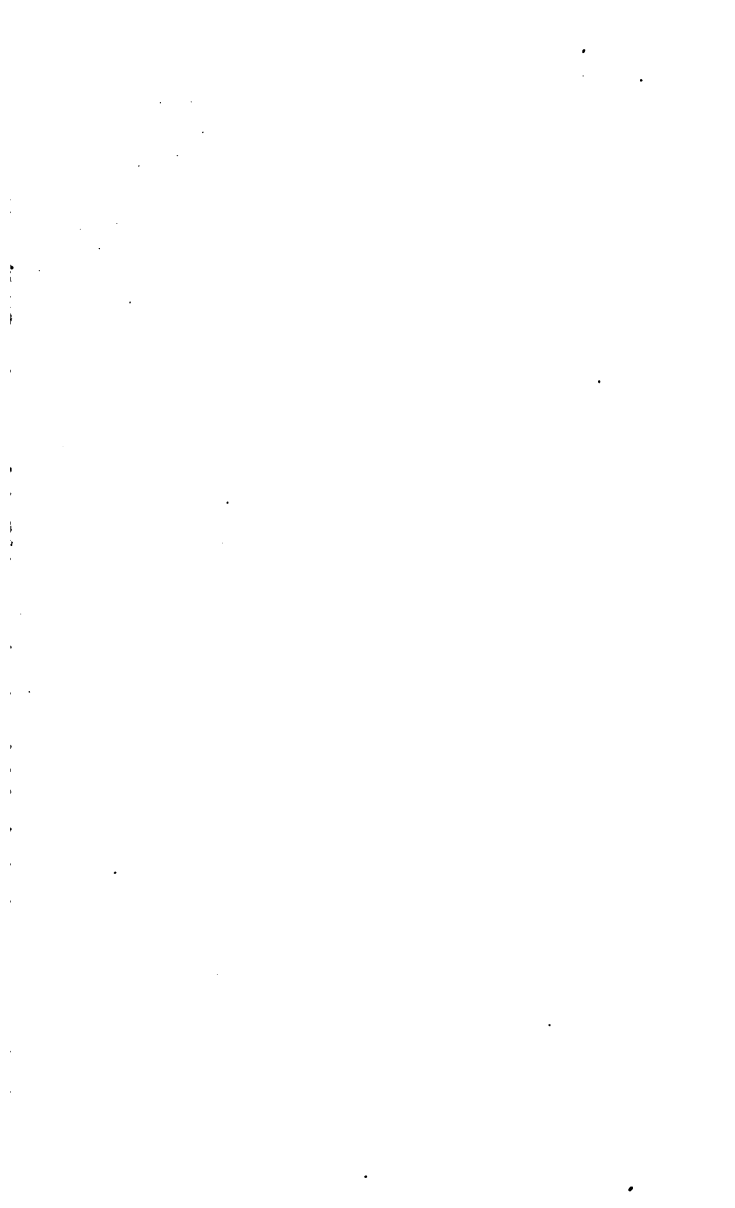
O SONNO, *o della cheta.*

34. SON of the silent. S. 193 MISS BETHAM.

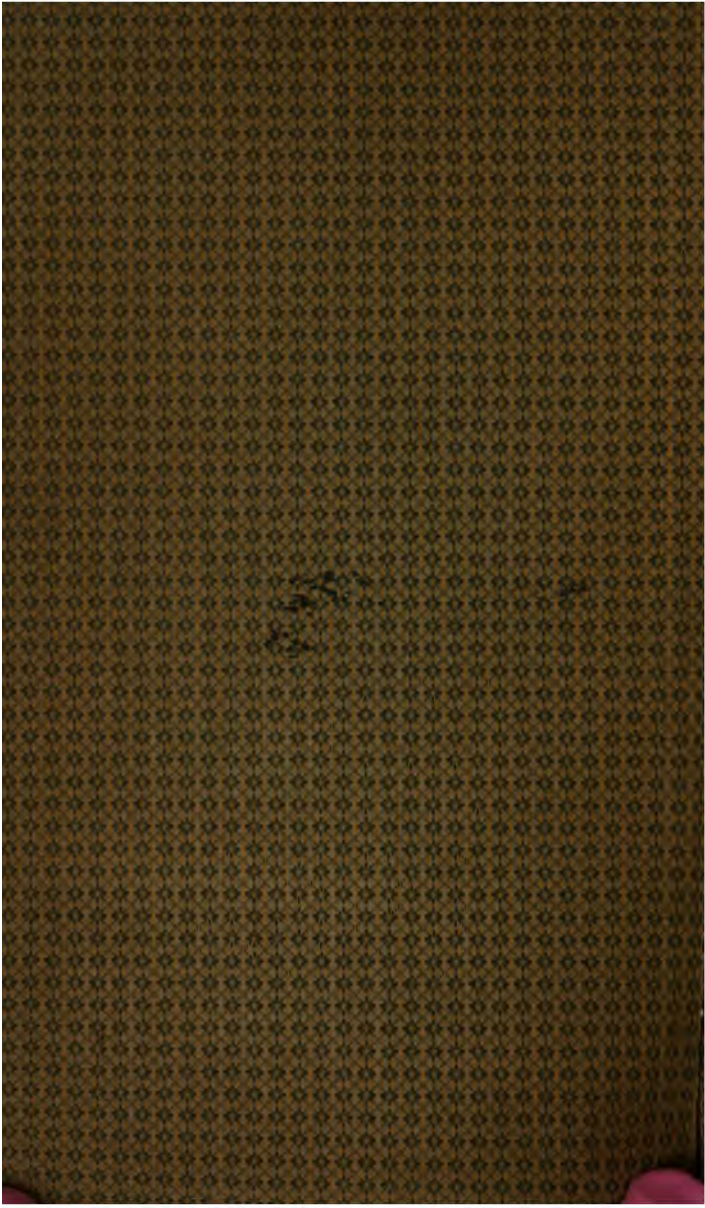
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END OF INDEX
TO THE FIRST VOLUME. *l*



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